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Kingsley Martin: Can Israel Survive?

THE NEW

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# Miss France and Mr. France

LAST Sunday in Nice, a panel of judges elected Miss France 1956. The crowd disagreed with their choice, and the judges, unnerved by the storm they had aroused, gave in and elected another contestant. Now three young ladies are claiming the title. Here, in microcosm, is the contempt for the rule of law and the weakness of established authority which characterise the Fourth Republic. The next day, Frenchmen chose their elected representatives, and the results present a frightening picture of discord and confusion. A record poll reveals that two in every five Frenchmen voted against the parliamentary system. In the new Assembly, democracy is poised on a razor's edge. On the left stands a huge bloc of 150 Communist deputies, pledged to the totalitarian state. On the right are 50 of M. Poujade's street-corner ruffians, with no policy except the Assembly's destruction.

This, it is true, repeats the pattern of the last elections. But there are sombre differences. The Gaullists, the right-wing anti-parliamentary threat in 1951, were in the last resort reconciled to the system; there can be no question of this with the Poujadists. The Communists—the greatest single barrier to social change in France—have increased their seats by half. Moreover, the republican parties, which in 1951 presented a solid front against the extremists, are now divided into two bitterly antagonistic groups. One is led by the politicians responsible for Dienbienphu, the piastre scandal, the Moroccan massacres and the largest percentage of alcoholics in the world; the other by a man who has fought a nationwide campaign to drive them from power. Neither is strong enough to rule alone. Only together can they ensure the safety of French democracy. To govern with the help of men he has indicted as criminals, or to surrender France to anarchy—this is the agonising choice which faces Pierre Mendès-France.

Powerful and subtle pressures will be brought to bear on him to take the easy course and join hands with his electoral enemies. But his choice is not so simple as it seems at first glance. The voting shows that the follies and vacillations of the last Assembly have swollen the anti-parliamentary vote to 8 million. In Paris, many draw the comparison with the last days of Weimar. The revolt of the Poujadists—encouraged by the flagrant indiscipline of France's generals and colonial administrators—is aimed at the very fabric of the state; and it is gathering momentum. Can the republic survive five more years of shifting majorities and paralysed governments? Already, the Indo-China catastrophe has undermined French morale and national prestige. Now, her North African empire, which alone justifies her status as a great power, is foundering. A quarter of a million troops are fighting a losing battle against the forces of Arab nationalism. A military disaster in Algeria would imperil the regime at home. Yet the sole alternative—rapid and far-sighted political decisions in Paris—can only be taken by a government which is united. If, for the sake of French democracy, Mendès-France compromises with the politicians of the right, can he be sure they will support him in such decisions? Or will he, by involving himself in the parliamentary game, merely destroy the hopes of those who regard him as the one man capable of reasserting the authority of the republic?

Here, indeed, is the tragedy. For the results of the election have not been entirely negative. The French people have not only defeated M. Faure's attempt to prolong the life of his discredited majority, they have also, in many areas, given unexpected support to the left-centre bloc gathered round Mendès-France. This remains France's one hope of achieving governmental stability; and if a rational electoral system were introduced, and fresh elections held in six months time, there is a real chance that Mendès-France would be returned at the head of a working majority. But can such legislation be passed? And what is to happen in Algeria in the meantime? Mendès-France, perhaps, has time on his side; but the same cannot be said for France herself.

# Comments on the Week's News

## Uncertain Outlook in the Saar

After a fortnight's negotiations, the Saar's first independent government has been formed. Dr. Ney, leader of the Christian Democrats, has resisted pressure from Bonn to form a coalition with Dr. Hoffman's pro-European Christian People's Party, and has confined his government to members of the three pro-German parties, who hold 33 out of 50 seats in the Landtag. The coalition is certainly an uneasy one—Dr. Schneider, leader of the neo-Nazi Democrats, has refused to serve under Dr. Ney, accepting the presidency of the Landtag instead—and the Chief Minister may soon find himself torn between two opposing forces. The government parties do not possess the three-fourths majority required to amend the constitution, and some bargaining with Dr. Hoffman, whose party holds 13 seats, will be inevitable. He now appears willing to accept the abolition of the clause in the constitution which declares the Saar irrevocably separated from Germany, but he will certainly fight any attempt to destroy the present Franco-Saar customs and currency union. On the other hand, Dr. Schneider has drawn up a proposal, which will be presented next week, to nullify the Franco-German agreement on the Roechling steel works, which handed over control of the Saar's biggest industrial nexus to a Franco-German consortium. The Roechling family, which helped to finance Dr. Schneider's election campaign, has already delayed implementation of the agreement for over six months; this has aroused widespread criticism in France, and Dr. Schneider's proposal would be unacceptable to any French government, of whatever colour. Indeed, the Landtag, by adopting it, would certainly jeopardise the Franco-German talks, which are due to be resumed this month. In order to reach agreement with France, Dr. Ney may well be forced, in the end, to jettison Dr. Schneider and seek a reconciliation with Dr. Hoffman.

## How Much Foreign Aid?

Mr. Dulles has disappointed Congress by announcing that the foreign aid programme is to remain substantially unchanged. Though Congress has voted for various military agreements (Germany, Formosa, Japan, Vietnam and South Korea, Seato, Nato and Meto) which will all cost a great deal of money for years to come, many people in Congress seem to have assumed that the foreign aid budget would be cut. Yet the decision to keep aid expenditure at under $4,500 millions has, in fact, been a victory for the "economy" faction in the administration, led by Mr. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Rowland Hughes, the Director of the Budget. At a critical pre-Christmas meeting of the National Security Council—after which the President showed signs of fatigue—the economisers were challenged by the "Young Turks," such as Mr. Nixon, Mr. Stassen and Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, who has now resigned his post as foreign affairs adviser. They argued that a much more ambitious programme was needed to offset the new Soviet challenge in the under-developed areas, and that the U.S. would cut its defence and foreign-aid spending at its peril. All they could secure was a decision to ask Congress for a similar appropriation to that voted last year. This means that more money may have to be found, for only just over half the previous appropriation has been taken up; the remainder was found by running down balances. But it does not mean that the effective level of overseas aid will be increased. In any case, foreign aid will continue to be mainly military. No one seems to be talking of a big new economic programme, such as the Marshall Plan, and the American response to Mr. Krushchev seems to be very much the mixture prescribed for the cold war.

## Yugoslavia and the Cominform

The new Soviet-Yugoslav agreement about nuclear energy development continues the trend towards closer relations between Moscow and Belgrade. Though the Cominform has not yet openly retracted the denunciatory resolutions of 1948 and 1949, an article in the Cominform journal of November 25 has certainly gone a long way to make "Leninist" relations possible between Yugoslavia and the Cominform parties. From the article it is possible to reconstruct some of the exchanges which have taken place between Krushchev and Tito. The Russians seem first to have contacted the Yugoslavs about eight months before Krushchev's visit to Belgrade, in order to thrash out certain preliminary matters. On this occasion the Yugoslavs succeeded in establishing their points, that Yugoslavia had preserved its national independence, resisted heavy political pressure from capitalist countries and successfully staved off U.S. economic penetration. They cleared themselves, in other words, of the three principal accusations which had been levelled against Yugoslavia on the basis of the "Beria-Abakumov" documents. The Cominform article now confirms that the discussions between Tito and Krushchev were above all ideological, "in a spirit of principle." This seems also to be the first time that Yugoslavia has been officially recognised as a country in which Socialism is being constructed. Following this recognition, other Socialist countries are invited to study Yugoslavia, and *vice versa*. In other words, this article seems to put the official stamp on Yugoslavia as a "Marxist-Leninist" regime. The article also contains a hint that the Chinese party never favoured the rupture with Yugoslavia in 1948. But perhaps the most important revelation is that regular contacts now exist between the Russian Communist Party and the Yugoslav Union of Communists. So the Union, which for long appeared to be playing a relatively minor role in the Yugoslav political scene, now occupies much the same ideological position in Soviet eyes as other Communist parties. Finally, the article admits for the first time that Yugoslavia is a "peasants' and workers' dictatorship."

## New Chance in Cyprus?

The new year has brought a spate of speeches and declarations on Cyprus, many of them contradictory. Archbishop Makarios' statement, last Friday, that the question of self-determination was "as good as settled," appears to have been aimed at a Greek audience, as also was King Paul's assurance, on New Year's Day, that Cyprus would eventually obtain union with Greece. The Greek government, which faces elections this spring, is clearly anxious to be able to report satisfactory progress on Cyprus, and it should be noted that the Archbishop's speech was immediately preceded by consultations with Mr. Liatis, a senior official of the Greek Foreign Ministry. Possibly, the Archbishop, in consultation with Greece, has decided to modify his attitude, and in particular to show greater sympathy towards the "special conditions" laid down by the British government, which now seem the principal obstacle to self-determination. Certainly, the Archbishop's sermon on Sunday made no reference to a "settlement" of the problem, and showed no signs of a more conciliatory tone; but it was primarily intended for local consumption. Meanwhile, Sir John Harding has been able to report good progress in the campaign against the terrorists, and it may be that the recent reverses suffered by Eoka have, paradoxically, strengthened the Archbishop's position by encouraging the more moderate elements. If the success of the security forces is confirmed, and if the desire of the Greek government to reach a rapid solution proves genuine, the moment has clearly arrived for the British government to make one more determined effort to break the deadlock.

## Political Ferment in Kenya

Public political activity amongst Africans in Kenya has now started again for the first time since the emergency was declared over three years ago. A meeting of over a thousand Africans held in Nairobi acclaimed the formation of the new Kenya Africa National Congress. Other meetings have been held in Nakuru, Mombasa and Nyanza. It is clear that since the Kenya government lifted its ban on African political organisations last June, there has been a significant increase in political activity amongst the African communities. Three significant points arise from the present situation. First, the government seems to have learnt no lessons over the past three years, for it has refused to recognise the National Congress. It holds to its policy of recognising only local organisations and prohibiting the formation of a national party. The President of the Congress, Mr. C. Argwings-Kodhek, one of the only two African barristers in Kenya, obviously knew of this prohibition and is publicly challenging it by establishing the Congress. The Kenya government should surely have learnt that it cannot restrict political organisation in this manner. Secondly, the government has stated that it will not permit any member of the Kikuyu, Embu or Meru tribes to join political associations. This displays equal stupidity. Surely it is obvious that the first claimants on genuine political activity are those who have been fighting within their tribes against Mau Mau. Thirdly, it has become clear that the Africans already have a variety of political views, for other parties besides the Congress have been formed. This is a good sign, for it may well lead to political alignments in Kenya which cut across racial barriers. But if the government is too slow to learn political facts, the effect must be to force all Africans into a single political association.

## New York Witch Hunt

The Senate internal security committee has so far conducted its inquiry into the American press in private sessions. But Senator Eastland has been raking over very cold embers in his search for journalistic subversion. Despite his insistence that he is investigating Communism, not the press, the Senator seems to be conducting a private campaign against critics of the witch hunt, and especially against the *New York Times*. (The *Times*, incidentally, seems to be "co-operating" with the committee—although a good

case can be made that the whole inquiry is a violation of the first amendment—and staff members have been privately complaining that the newspaper has not fulfilled an undertaking to back them up.) The New York investigation, which seems to centre on the struggle between Communists and anti-Communists for control of the New York Newspaper Guild in 1940, has been accompanied by an attempt on the part of the committee to offset the damage done to it by the recantation of the informer Harvey Matusow. It now claims that patently nonsensical evidence given by Matusow when he was a paid government informer was credible, and that his subsequent repudiation—extremely circumstantial so far as it concerns his original statement that he knew 120 Communists on the staff of the *New York Times*—is simply a piece of perjury bought by Communist conspirators. This argument is so open to contradiction that no reasonable person can accept it, and its use by the committee is a measure either of its stupidity or of its need to justify its witch hunt.

### West Indian Migrants

Dr. Clarence Senior and Mr. Norman Manley have now published their official report on West Indian migration to Britain. It is remarkably clear and comprehensive, and it sets this migration in the context of post-war movements in and out of this country. (Few people realise that there has been a net migration from Britain since 1945.) The conclusions of the report are broadly similar to those published in a special feature in this journal in September, 1955. It suggests that, so long as there is full employment in Britain, the migration of West Indians to Britain will continue, but it also makes some sensible suggestions for removing some of the difficulties that the migrants now face. The two main recommendations are a comprehensive programme to prepare the West Indian for the sea-change, and the creation of a special West Indian welfare office in London. The first of these would not merely brief the intending migrant about British social legislation, housing conditions, trade union rules and wages: it would also try to establish direct contact between West Indian and British voluntary organisations—between churches, unions and other fraternal societies. The welfare office is urgently needed, for far too many problems at present fall on the small but admirable team of welfare officers working under the Colonial Office. A properly staffed bureau would have the time and facilities to develop specialised sections, dealing with travel and reception, employment and public relations. This office, moreover, could make effective liaison with interested groups in this country which are trying to help the migrant assimilate and to combat the xenophobia provoked by the arrival of thousands of West Indians. It would be very useful if this excellent report could be made available here, in a cheap and popular form, for it contains material urgently needed by anyone working for inter-racial harmony.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Malaya

### Peace Talks

*Our Correspondent in South-East Asia writes:* Though Tungku Abdul Rahman may talk about intensifying the war against the Communists, what exactly can be done militarily that General Briggs, General Templer and General Bourne have not already done? Each commander has said he had enough troops. There are about a quarter of a million of them, including home guards, against three thousand guerillas, and there has been enough money and equipment. Each commander, at one time or another, ruefully admitted that the Malayan war could not be won by bullets but was a matter for the hearts and minds of the people, and what each meant was that those Chinese who help the Communists by not informing on them must be persuaded to come off the fence.

The Tungku has now given a month's notice of his intention to withdraw all amnesty terms. No surrender terms means that, instead of going back quietly into civilian life after a while, those who surrender in future can expect trial and a death sentence, or at best a long term of imprisonment. I do not think this a sensible move. It is bound to stop hesitant Communists (and there are always a few) from deserting with their arms. Why stop them just because Chin Peng will not surrender? What is the reason? Is it pressure from General Bourne? Are the military anxious to fight on and on?

My view is that the Tungku's strongly worded threat to step up the war, following his talks at Baling with Chin Peng, the Communist leader, was expected of him by the High Commissioner and others. In fact, the Tungku believes that the Communists are eager to give up: and he hopes that Chin Peng will argue with his politbureau, and try hard somehow to produce a face-saving device which would allow the Communists to give up without surrendering. At the Baling talks (where we correspondents were not permitted to talk to Chin Peng and had to accept the government's version of what the Communists said), the Tungku offered Chin Peng most generous terms if he would surrender. The Communist leaders could go scot-free to China. Those staying behind in Malaya would have to report to the police. Later they could join political parties. Of course the M.C.P. would have to be dissolved, but the Communists expected this condition, and at Baling they never asked for more than freedom to join existing political parties.

The Tungku knows that Chin Peng is in difficulties. Peking wants an end to fighting and a considerable increase in the undercover work in political parties and trade unions; and Chin Peng rightly fears a racial war if he goes on fighting Tungku's Malay government. Malaya is fast developing politically, and Chin Peng and his followers are desperately anxious to share in the spoils.

Chin Peng, therefore, has a month in which to work out a formula which will enable him to give up without surrendering. Perhaps the talks in London will solve the question. If the Tungku comes back with control of internal security and the local armed forces, Chin Peng has promised to cease hostilities, lay down his arms and disband his forces. To Chin Peng this would be a cessation of hostilities. Would the Tungku insist this was surrender? In any case it would be the end of the fighting. What might then lie ahead, politically, for a newly independent country in which the Chinese are as numerous as Malays, could be far worse. Whether or not the cease-fire were described as a surrender, the Tungku would be strongly tempted to lock up or banish Chin Peng and other leaders. Otherwise thoughtless Malayans might believe Chin Peng was a successful general putting aside his sword, the arduous campaign for liberation having been fought and won. For this certainly would be the Communists' line if they remained free in Malaya. Unfortunately, somewhere in that line there would be a grain of truth.

## Moscow

### Architectural Excess

*A Student of the Soviet Press writes:* The "great shortcomings and mistakes" of architects have recently been competing for space in the Soviet press with the Asian travels of the Soviet leaders. A decree signed jointly by the Communist Party central committee and the government, covered the whole front page of *Pravda* on November 10. "Carried away," it said, "by the ostentatious side, many architects busy themselves mainly with the ornamentation of the façades of buildings, do not work on the improvement of the internal layout and equipment of houses and flats, neglect the necessity for creating amenities for the population, the requirements of economy, and normal use of the buildings." In general, "the utterly unjustified tower superstructures, numerous decorative colonnades and porticos" were deplored, and, in particular, many concrete examples, together with the names of the architects responsible, were given. Radical measures for "elimination of the excesses" included a greater concentration on model as opposed to individual designing, the formation of a centralised institute for this purpose, and a recasting of the training of future architects. Disciplinary action included a number of dismissals, the withdrawal of the Stalin prize from three architects and a rebuke to the committee responsible for making the awards.

The complete unexpectedness of the decision did not prevent an immediate flood of resolutions from pouring in, in which many architects expressed their "deep satisfaction." The reaction of building workers is illustrated by a report in *Pravda* of November 11 which relates how in the lunch hour workers on a building site in Kiev "assembled in the rest room to become acquainted with the decree of the party and government. 'Excesses in planning and construction (said the superintendent, Comrade Kuznetzov) bring huge losses to the state. . . Take, for instance, the building which we are putting up. We are to put a granite facing on the front of the house. The height of the facing is equal to two and a half floors and will come to 1,700,000 roubles. Such squandering of state resources is utterly unjustified.'"

On November 26 a full dress congress of architects met in Moscow attended by Molotov, Mikoyan and by architects from all Russia's allies, from North Korea to Albania. First, it heard a message from the party and the government expressing "the firm conviction that Soviet architects will in the shortest time decisively overcome the serious mistakes and shortcomings in their work." Then the business of self-criticism began —not always to the satisfaction of those assembled. Thus, although according to *Pravda*, Comrade Zakharov made a speech with a "confession and analysis of his mistakes" the next speaker condemned his "attempt to share responsibility with others and in this way to belittle his blameworthiness for the excesses and squandering of state resources that had been allowed." After sitting for six days, the congress adopted a new set of rules and sent a letter to the party and the government, expressing its "deep recognition and gratitude . . . for their wise guidance in the development of Soviet architecture."

# Paris

### Chestnuts from the Fire?

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* The general reaction to the first election results—the total collapse of the *apparentement* system, the sweeping success of the Poujadistes—was that no government would be possible in the new Assembly. By Wednesday, however, when the full returns were available, the gloom had begun to lift—at least among the Socialists and Radicals. The Republican Front, it was realised, had not only polled 1.5 million more votes than in 1951, but had effected something like a revolution in the personnel of the Radical Party. Several of Mendès-France's bitterest personal enemies in the party had lost their seats; and some twenty of his protegés, totally new to French politics, had secured election. The election has conclusively shown that his name can pull in the votes.

On the right, there is something like panic. M. Faure and M. Pinay began the campaign by underestimating the importance of M. Poujade; now, reading the returns, they are beginning to overestimate it. M. Poujade has stolen 50 of their seats and caused them to lose 40 more. They are aware that many of their clientele failed to vote for him this time only because his chances were reckoned to be slim and they were afraid of wasting their votes. Next time, they calculate, he may get 100, perhaps 150, seats—and *their* seats, to boot. Hence, they throw up their hands in horror at the least suggestion of holding fresh elections this year; and it can safely be said that they will do anything in their power to prevent them, including accepting Mendès-France as premier—and even voting for his policies.

This, at least, is the estimation of the Mendèsistes. M. Faure is obliged by the constitution to resign when the Assembly reconvenes on January 19. On the 15th, the Socialists will hold a special congress to determine policy; this will be followed the next day by a meeting of the Radical central committee. As a result of these two meetings, Mendès-France should be in a position to give a definite answer to M. Coty when, as seems likely, he is asked to form a government on the 20th. His answer will take the form of an ultimatum to the Assembly. He will present a concrete series of measures—with priority for Algeria—and will insist on the right to form his government according to his own personal selection. In their present state of demoralisation, the right-wing groups may accept the ultimatum, and may even abide by it for a few months.

*A statue of Apollo has been reconstructed from fragments excavated from Salamis by members of the Antiquities Department of the Cyprus Museum*—News Item

# The Arms Racket

MR. GAITSKELL is to be commended for the display of vigour with which he has inaugurated his leadership of the Labour Party. Very properly (and very successfully) he has harried the Government over the supply of military equipment to Egypt. But he has not been content merely to make party capital, which under Sir Anthony Eden's premiership seems fairly easily come by. He has gone on to formulate the Labour attitude to Middle East problems in four simple propositions, the most important of which is that, as a preliminary to a "real peace settlement," the Soviet Union should be "formally and publicly" invited to join the West in maintaining peace between Israel and the Arabs.

Mr. Gaitskell's handling of this affair underlines his appreciation that he is dealing with two separate problems. The first is the private and unauthorised export to the Arab countries of war material in various stages of obsolescence and disrepair. Writing before the publication of the White Paper we have no final knowledge either of the extent of the traffic or of the channels through which it has passed. But, in advance of the White Paper, it is clear from the facts which are admitted that the Government is guilty of almost incredible negligence and muddle—if not of conscious duplicity—in a matter which is of the utmost concern to the peace of the Middle East and therefore to British interests. That private traders have been exporting large quantities of equipment, inadequately demilitarised, and that a considerable proportion of the traffic has been directed through the Dutch and Belgian scrap yards to the Middle East, is beyond question. It is more than likely that in some cases the spares necessary to remilitarise items of equipment have been consigned simultaneously (and as part of the same deal) as "scrap." Whether that can be proved or not, it is certainly true that Egypt, which has been a main British base for so long, has had access in recent years, both legitimately and illegitimately, to huge quantities of surplus British stores. It has also an army of mechanics who have been taught their trade in the British military workshops in Cairo and on the Canal. No country in the world is in a better position to repair and re-assemble obsolete and casually demilitarised British tanks. No doubt the government, under the pressure of public opinion, is now belatedly taking some of the necessary steps to stop this trade, though it still appears that there is to be no embargo on the export of goods already licensed: that the racket should ever have been allowed to develop—in defiance of the cabinet directives which are supposed to have existed—is an appalling comment on either the integrity or the administrative capacity of those departments responsible for granting export licences.

The second and wider problem concerns not the black-marketeers in arms and their Whitehall accomplices, but the official supply of munitions to Middle Eastern countries in pursuance of the policy (which the official opposition accepts) of maintaining a balance of arms between Israel and the Arabs. Kingsley Martin's striking despatch from Israel which follows this article illustrates vividly the importance of the decisions taken in this field. The Israelis' claim that peace can be assured only if their forces are maintained at sufficient strength and readiness to deter the Egyptian army, is put forward sincerely in Israel and is backed, as Mr. Martin shows, by some solid argument. There is also a case to be made for a general embargo on arms supply to Israeli and Arab alike. But whichever view

Britain chooses—whether, in other words, we seek to maintain the balance at a high or low level of armament—one factor is essential to the equation: it is, as this journal has long argued and as the official Labour Party now concedes, the collaboration (or at least the acquiescence) of the Russians.

And here comes a real test for Mr. Gaitskell's leadership. Soviet collaboration will not be forthcoming so long as British strategic policy in the Middle East is based on the Baghdad pact. It can well be argued that the military containment of Communism has worked reasonably effectively in western Europe; but the events of the last six months should have convinced every sane observer that this doctrine is a dead loss in the Middle East. Mr. Gaitskell has in the past shown himself to be a vigorous defender of the network of Anglo-American military alliances against Communism. This will no longer do: if he wishes his "formal and public" invitation to the Russians to be taken seriously by those to whom it is addressed, he must now do what Mr. Robens from the Labour front bench notably failed to do in the Middle East debate which preceded the Christmas recess. He must announce the Labour Party's unequivocal repudiation of the Baghdad pact and of the strong-arm methods which have been used to bolster it. This is the operative logic of the policy he has already defined in words.

# Can Israel Survive ?

I DO not mean in the immediate short run! On this point I met no dissentient opinion in Israel. Whether or not you take seriously all the grandiose propositions in Colonel Nasser's recent book, *The Philosophy of the Revolution*; whether or not you take at their face value Nasser's more peaceful remarks in interviews; in any case he is the servant of an army junta which demands a war of revenge with Israel *if it could be sure of winning*, but will not risk another defeat such as that which humiliated Egypt in 1948 and enabled the junta to seize power. Therefore the immediate reply is unanimous; give us arms and there will be no war because Nasser won't be sure of victory.

This answer, it will be noticed, in part meets the inevitable objection—how can a tiny state like Israel hope to come off victor in an arms race with the implacable Arab world, some forty million strong and screaming its determination to throw Israel's one and a half millions into the sea? Israelis believe that a much smaller supply of weapons of the same calibre will be enough to deter an Arab attack, granted the far superior morale and organisation of Israel—which Nasser perfectly understands. But it does not begin to explain how Israel can survive economically if the Arabs remain hostile. Special subsidies from the U.S. and reparations from Germany are still enabling her to continue the prodigious work of construction and settlement—which the visitor may see for himself from the Huleh valley, now transformed from a malarial swamp into a splendid sweep of fertile country, to the Negev, where new immigrant villages spring up as no mushrooms ever do in a desert. The miracle continues, but there are clearly limits to a situation in which farmers must dig with rifles by their side and where so high a proportion of the precarious resources of a country the size of Wales must be spent on modern armaments. You will not find anyone in Israel to disagree if you say that sooner or later Israel must find a way of reaching normal relations with her neighbours.

There seems today no prospect of persuading the Arabs even to admit Israel's existence. The nearest thing to that was a speech by Colonel Nasser in which, after Sir Anthony Eden's Guildhall statement, he did imply that Egypt might come to terms with Israel if negotiations were begun about territorial concessions. The Israelis are sure that no territorial concessions would in fact lead to any genuine peace. The Arab countries would merely be assured that pressure would finally lead to the carving up and destruction of a state which they regard as no more than a foreign body, arbitrarily injected into the Arab world and shortly to be expelled—just as the shortlived kingdom of the Crusaders was crushed by Saladin.

The Israelis believe that there is a way of persuading the Arabs to change their minds. Some, who know the Arabs well, have put the matter to me like this. When two Arab families have a feud, they will go on fighting each other until they have become convinced that they are of comparatively equal strength; eventually they agree to have a "love feast" or "feast of forgiveness." The past is wiped out and the fight will never be resumed on the same issues. "If," said one prominent commander to me, "we had compelled the Arabs to make a settlement in 1949, when we had their armies at our mercy, they would have accepted us as one of the facts of life and by now would have discovered the advantages which our science and development plans offer to the whole Middle East. By now, they would have been trading with us and have forgotten all about the past. Unfortunately, we accepted an armistice, which in the minds of the West suggests a stage towards peace but to an Arab is nothing but a period in which you prepare for the next round." In short, nothing has been done to convince the Arabs that they must accept Israel: the feud still exists. It follows in many soldierly minds that all talk of "preventive war," and even of retaliation, is erroneous. The war has been continuous, and if the Israelis thought it expedient to launch an attack on Syria or Egypt, they believe they have just as much moral right to do so as Churchill, say, had to order the bombing of Berlin in 1940 before the Nazis bombed London.

I am not for a moment suggesting that the Israelis will start any attack. They are well aware of the appalling effect it would create in the world outside, and at present their hopes are centred in receiving adequate arms to deter the Arabs. But the point of ethics I have made is of vital importance, since it may lead to serious misunderstanding between the Israelis and the West. It is customary to divide Israelis into "activists" and "moderates". I believe the distinction to be erroneous. There are, of course, as in every society, innumerable grades of activism; some would run more risks and be more hopeful than others of repeating the miracles of 1948. But there is no sharp distinction of principle. If all arms are refused by the West and the leaders of the country become persuaded that the Arabs are preparing to attack, there would not, I think, be any substantial minority who would be opposed as a matter of principle to what the West would call a preventive war, and what Israelis would regard as a sortie against besiegers. If they were to take the offensive, it would not mean that the Israelis were militarists or did not want peace—they desire it passionately—but that they would regard it as cowardly folly to wait like rabbits for Nasser's bombers to destroy a helpless city like Tel Aviv. They would attack as the one hope of survival.

There remain, perhaps, another four or five months for diplomacy. It must surely be the object of the West to prevent the ghastly dangers either of an Arab attack or of an Israeli effort to forestall it. Unfortunately, present Western efforts at peace-making do not seem likely to achieve this end. So unhappy is the British record in Palestine that the Israelis are very ready to believe that the British Foreign Office—they draw the sharpest distinction between the British people and the always pro-Arab Foreign Office—is still actively plotting their destruction. It is believed by important people that the British wish themselves to occupy the Negev. When I suggested that this sounded a feverish suspicion, I was told on the highest authority that Ernest Bevin had himself once admitted in conversation with the Israeli Prime Minister that this was British policy; and it was explained to me that there were good reasons to believe that Britain's long-standing diplomatic design had not been abandoned. Hard pressed by the Russians in the Middle East, may not the Foreign Office think it more than ever desirable for Britain to strengthen her bases and her access to Middle Eastern oil by connecting Jordan with the Mediterranean? The Gaza strip, which as we all know was considered inadequate as an alternative to the Suez base, becomes a very different proposition if it carries with it the Negev as far back as the Dead Sea.

Israelis, then, see the hope of survival in a western policy designed to turn the Arabs from their belief that an armistice is something to break. They readily agree (as the seven proposals put forward by foreign minister Sharett in America showed) to co-operate in solving the refugee problem, in finding practical economic answers to the needs of Jordan and Egypt; they are bitterly disappointed that the Johnston water scheme, which would have given the Arabs a common economic benefit with themselves, seems now to be hanging fire, even in Washington which sponsored it. But they will not give up the Negev or agree to halve their already minute and tesselated country: even the suggestion—far more sensible on the face of it—of making Elath an international port, seems to them merely a more subtle way, not of persuading the Arabs that they have a permanent existence, but of showing the Arab world that threats and pressure will serve to destroy Israel. The only kind of "concessions" that are any good are those that convince the Arab world that Israel is a neighbour to be accepted as a neighbour. Only when there is a love feast in the Middle East will it be possible to get on with the exciting task of development and to put aside the daily fear of a war that would very possibly destroy Israel and—since the Israelis are tough—also very possibly begin the third world war.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

*Israel.*

*NEXT WEEK*

**Epidemic Cancer**
A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

**Honours for Writers**
JOHN RAYMOND

*Kingsley Martin's report from Cyprus has been held over until next week.*

# London Diary

THE correspondents in the *Sunday Times* who answered Somerset Maugham's querulous strictures on the younger generation need no support from me. But it is agreeable to be on the winning side occasionally. Old men always think that university students are going to the dogs. Gladstone was complaining in Oxford that the young men had no smart clothes and little knowledge of the classics, just about the time when Mr. Maugham was a medical student. Living at close quarters with undergraduates, I detect little change from my contemporaries of thirty years ago. The majority acquire a reasonable education in the intervals between more rewarding occupations. Politics count for less than they did just after the war, but for more than they did in the years before the General Strike. I think, too, that literature is on the decline and what one may vaguely call "philosophy" (by no means in the technical sense) is coming up. Nobody knows a word of the bible. Indeed, all the literary classics are neglected. On the other hand, the present generation knows far more music than we did. The only musical occasion I can remember in Oxford was a strange work called *Homage to Beethoven*, for which Tom Driberg composed the incidental words. Now I hear snatches from half a dozen operas when I cross the quadrangle. The truth is that we remember the few striking figures of the past and forget the great majority to whom these figures were unknown. I wonder how many undergraduates ever set eyes on Oscar Wilde when he was at Magdalen. I was up with Auden, Hugh Gaitskell, John Betjeman. Yet the words I exchanged with these great men would go on the back of an envelope. I did not even guess that my close friend, Innes Stewart, would step into the front rank of detective-story writers. I would not like to estimate what others failed to guess about me.

* * *

It is puzzling that anyone should canvass the opinions of the British Medical Association on homosexuality. There are many professions whose opinions might be worth having—clergymen, lawyers, poets, railway-guards, keepers of public lavatories. But why doctors? Of all professions that of medicine is the most absorbing. Medical students rarely play a part in the general life of a university. They have no time for a general education. They are always in the wards or the operating theatre, when others are thinking about art or the problems of the universe. They are still more absorbed when they qualify. Architects, teachers, surveyors, sometimes stray into radical views. The local doctor is usually a pillar of conservatism; and the professors of medicine nearly always vote on the reactionary side. Go to any doctor for help in a psychological problem; and he will tell you to take a holiday. This is probably the best advice you could get, but it is not much use if you are a homosexual. I think the explanation is that we are asking the wrong question. We say—how can we cure homosexuals, as though it were some sort of disease. But it is a question of no moment, except possibly to some homosexuals. It is no concern of ours that some men stray from the "normal" pattern in this or any other way. What we should ask is—how can we arrange things so that homosexuals are not a nuisance to others? The fault, if it is one, is in our behaviour, not in theirs. Most Englishmen do not like women. They have normal sexual desires; they need women as housekeepers; but they do not enjoy feminine society except at bed and board. Hence all our characteristic institutions—clubs, public houses, boarding schools, colleges—though not homosexual, still encourage homosexuality. When gentlemen no longer linger over their wine after dinner, we shall not need special inquiries into the problem of homosexuality. I am bored by exclusively male society; and a few years ago I persuaded my colleagues at Magdalen to admit lady guests occasionally to high table for the first time since Queen Elizabeth I dined with us. But so far as I know no other college followed our example. They still prefer deep and dull potations.

* * *

Everyone has remarked that Krushchev and Bulganin are now banging the old anti-imperialist drum. And a very good drum to bang. Unlike the Beaverbrook press (and the *Manchester Guardian*, which sometimes echoes and sometimes inspires it), I applauded every word of Krushchev's orations in India and Burma. Fine, old-fashioned radicalism, but not, I think, anything to do with Marxism. It is an odd, though widespread, delusion that colonies keep the capitalist system going. On the contrary they have nearly been its ruin. Of course they bring untold wealth to a few scoundrels such as the old "nabobs" of the East Indian Company or Cecil Rhodes; and they are a useful dumping ground for public-school men who would otherwise be a nuisance at home. We should all have had an easier life if Hitler had become a school-inspector in German East Africa. But tot up the national balance sheet of any imperial country over the last 50 years, and you will find that the community is staggeringly out of pocket. Probably the main reason for our present prosperity is that we have shaken off our imperial possessions one after the other. If Krushchev has his way and the colonial revolt becomes universal, capitalism will be on its feet more firmly than ever. I am against colonies because I think colonies morally wrong and imperialists wicked; but I am afraid that the righteousness of anti-colonialism will pay big dividends to the capitalist system. This is not the end of Leninist delusions. Lenin believed that capitalism inevitably produced war and that war would inevitably destroy capitalism. He was wrong on both counts. Capitalism gave Europe its most pacific years since the age of the Antonines. The two great wars of our century were not caused by capitalism: they were caused by the Germans. Both those wars did capitalism a power of good; and it gets along fine now simply by preparing for a new one. If Krushchev and his associates really wanted to ruin capitalism, they would disarm tomorrow; but unfortunately peace is also bad for dictators. International affairs are dominated by the principle of the buttress. Krushchev props up American capitalism; and western policy props up the Bolshevik tyranny. Each would be done for without the other; and I suspect that both know it.

* * *

Twenty years ago men used to worry about their hair; now about their waistline. I lament the disappearance of the advertiser who announced: "I was bald until I discovered the secret of the Cherokee Indians." What has happened to him? It would be a dramatic moment on commercial television to see that lotion poured on a bald pate and the hair actually sprouting. The reduction of weight has no such sensation. There is the Priestley system of starving for twenty-four hours once a week. This rests on the fine moral doctrine that nothing is achieved without suffering. Some renounce bread and potatoes; others give up what Malcolm Muggeridge describes, with characteristic cynicism, as alcohol. I have tried knocking out one meal a day. A terrible choice: they are all so good. But I have made an alarming discovery. The body adjusts itself to these tricks and, after a time, goes on as before. I took off more than a stone; now, despite my lost meal, I am creeping up again. Must I renounce yet another? Perhaps we shall be saved by the newest fashion which is to say that nothing matters so long as we take precautions against coronary thrombosis. There must be no fried food. A vision of stews and paps opens before us. What, no kippers? No bacon and egg? No omelettes, no escalope? It must be nonsense. Nothing will be achieved by it. When I was young in Vienna, I was told that girls only admired bald men with a "solid" figure. Now you have to be slender with a fine crop of hair. It is much less trouble to find your pleasure in rich fried food and a bottle of red wine.

* * *

Everyone thinks that it is easy to keep a diary until he tries. Then he discovers that life provides little to write about. As Louis XVI noted on the day the Bastille fell: *Rien*. Nicholas II, a more prolific diarist, welcomed the Russian revolution with the words: "I think I will take up dominoes again seriously." Critic, that *nonpareil*, is exasperated only by lack of space, never by lack of subject. But I wonder whether Pepys did not sometimes groan with dismay at the thought that he must seduce yet another serving-maid in order to provide material for the day's entry. At last I have a genuinely topical subject to record: the 50th anniversary meeting of the Historical Association. This is a rare kind of society—rare in that it promotes no cause except an interest in history; still rarer in that it is a consumer organisation, and a successful one. Of course there are writers and teachers of history among its members; but its tone is set by those who simply like to hear talks on history and who want to know what historians are doing. Those who launched the Association and those who keep it going rank high among the benefactors of mankind in this century. They have done some good; and they have never done harm. I doubt whether there is any other class of men of whom this can be said.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

Last year the exhibition was opened by a Government Minister, but this time the ceremony is to be performed by Billy and Janet, two circus chimpanzees.—*Daily Telegraph*. (James Pretty.)

. . . Cole was sent to a National Assistance Board home "for those who have lost the will to work" in 1954, but he walked out.

"There is now a long waiting list for this home," the deputy chairman said.—*Evening News*. (P. Vick.)

In the Tate Gallery one can see a picture entitled "Boy with Horse," painted, I believe, by a man called Picasso. I should like to know how it got there. The boy is reasonably like a boy, but the horse is a gross caricature of a horse.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (L. Cobb.)

I do not wish to be told that this is the way they do things on the Continent. They eat frogs and have revolutions on the Continent; I trust nobody would suggest that we emulate them in these respects.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (S. A. Dreyfuss.)

# The Cuddly Cactus

THERE are many kinds of rudeness. Some are rude because they are ill brought up; some because they are shy; others again because, like Birkenhead or Evelyn Waugh, they find some unamiable satisfaction in being clever at the expense of less quick witted or aggressive people. Professor J. B. S. Haldane, who holds the palm for rudeness in our generation, does not fit into any of the obvious categories. For one thing he occasionally shows contrition: he has been known to run after someone he has insulted to say that he is sorry. If he had more often overtaken them, there would be fewer who believe that the only way of approaching him is through a solicitor. In India a year ago he was outrageously rude to a reporter; he wrote publicly afterwards to him and his paper and announced a fast for three days by way of penance. It would be in character if he carried out his fast. But if he adopted that technique in this country, he would seldom eat. His colleagues, many of whom are devoted to him, learn to choose their moment to approach him and to shrug their shoulders if he bellows at them like a bull and screams at them like a macaw. Others, who have known him for many years, do their best to forgive him when he cuts them or insults them in public; after all, some latitude must be permitted to genius. Where his boorishness becomes unpardonable is when he bullies subordinates, reduces adolescent office girls to tears and shouts like a madman at humble people who are not in a position to answer back.

Clearly, only deep analysis could explain this constantly repeated pattern of behaviour. Some say that he never recovered from being bullied at Eton. More to the point perhaps is the fact that he is frequently in pain and far too resolute a character to give himself or others respite on that account. Certainly his rudeness is a defence mechanism, a form of self-defence against invasions of a private, intellectual and emotional inner world. For the truth is that behind the spikes of this cactus, there is a tender, sentimental, cuddly, one might even say a soft, core. It is as if he were afraid that someone might find out that he is a kindly man, warm-hearted and deeply compassionate as well as prodigiously endowed. He himself once wrote: "I require friendship, particularly of my colleagues and comrades in scientific and political work. I want the society of equals who will criticise me and whom I can criticise. I cannot be friends with a person whose orders I have to obey or with one who has to obey my orders. And I find friendship with people much richer or poorer than myself very difficult."

His outer appearance is just as contradictory as his temperament. Bushy eyebrows, pulled down in a scowl, curtained eyes twinkling with boyish amusement and a heavy moustache mask a smile which might encourage nuisances. His bulk is taurian, with a massive head downthrust like a charging buffalo. (He has also been compared to a "woolly rhinoceros" and an "unmade feather-bed.") He is perpetually engrossed in abstruse scientific problems. He shares with the late Lord Simon (one of his *bêtes-noires*) a capacity to divide his mind and his attention. At a conference or a public meeting, he conditions himself to work out complicated mathematics and at the same time be master of the speaker's arguments—as he will presently show in discussion. One of his major mathematical contributions was produced in a Paris night-club; and one of his children's books (oh, yes, he writes children's books, like *My Friend Mr. Leakey*) was written partly on the Paris Metro and partly in an American upper-berth. In the middle of a scientific discussion he is liable to fold his hands over his stomach, like a small girl reciting "Mary had a Little Lamb," and pipe Latin prayers or Greek verse or French poetry or declaim the Hindu *Bhagavad-Gita*. And he is, in his venerable years and eminence, capable of the most childish pranks—as on the occasion of a fancy-dress party when he merely had a face drawn in lipstick on his spacious bald head and won the prize as a two-faced union leader.

John Burdon Sanderson Haldane, now 63 years old, comes of an intellectual dynasty. His father, Professor J. S. Haldane, was a great and courageous physiologist, to whose work on gases the miners of this country and the world are indebted, and he was—at least, in science if not in politics—as vigorous a controversialist as his son. Lord Haldane, Labour Lord Chancellor, was an uncle, and Naomi Mitchison, the writer, is a sister. The father maintained that the greatest physiologist was Marie Lloyd with her dictum, "A little of wot yer fancies does yer good"; and he brought his son up on that principle; dietetically and intellectually, he was allowed to choose his fancies. The result is an extraordinary range of humanistic and scientific knowledge which, apart from the exact and profound scientific work on which his academic eminence is based, has made J. B. S. Haldane one of the finest and most lucid expositors of science in all its branches. He stands alone in being both an important scientist and a superb populariser. His contributions to the *Daily Worker* before the war, despite genuflections to Marx and Lenin, were about as good as popular scientific articles can be.

His father, a courageous self-experimenter, encouraged his son to find out by personal experience facts which instruments or animals could not reveal. His father believed that sea-divers could safely go down 40 feet without training. Naval experts disputed it. J.S. presented J.B.S., then 13, and said: "Here is my son. Throw him overboard." "I went down all right," the son later reported, "but the diving suit was too big for me. When I was hauled up, it was full of water." He was taken down into coal-mines during his father's investigations of fire-damp and was told

to stand up near the roof and say something. He recited "Friends, Romans and countrymen," but before he got to "the evil that men do," he passed out. "That," as he said later, "taught me a lot about fire-damp."

With that training in meaningful hazard, J. B. S. Haldane has taken great personal risks in the pursuit of knowledge. When his father was dying of bronchial pneumonia they joined themselves together in an experiment of blood-transfusion. When the submarine *Thetis* met disaster in 1939, he set out to discover how the 99 men died. He locked himself in an air-tight steel chamber, 6½ft in diameter and 6ft high, for 14½ hours and kept a diary of his symptoms which he produced at the inquiry to comfort the bereaved with the assurance that the victims had died without pain. In the Spanish war, he collapsed in Madrid testing a gas-mask in a gas chamber, and, during the second world war, he and Dr. Case carried out a similarly risky experiment testing midget submarines. He has tested his own reactions to gases, drugs and poisons. On the occasion of a Royal Society *conversazione* he wandered around with a pillbox strapped to his arm like a wristwatch. It contained, he said, the only bedbug that he had ever persuaded to bite him.

J.B.S. was head boy at Eton before he went to New College, Oxford, and after being repeatedly wounded in the Black Watch in the first world war, joined Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins at Cambridge and became Reader in Biochemistry. Charlotte Burgess, then a journalist on the *Daily Express*, went to interview him. Later, her husband divorced her, with Haldane as the co-respondent. The university court of morals, the Sex Viri, solemnly met and discharged him for "gross immorality." On appeal to a court presided over by Mr. Justice Avory, the decision was overruled and he was reinstated. This episode was of real importance. He stood firm on the principle that a university teacher's private life is his own affair. He won, not only for himself but for future generations of teachers. The incident did not impair his scientific standing. Afterwards a chair of biometry was specially created for him at London University, and he pursued his special field of genetics with the greatest distinction. His first marriage was later dissolved and he married a research colleague, Dr. Helen Spurway, who has recently startled the world by declaring that virgin birth probably occurs amongst humans.

Haldane's politics are as simple (or as complicated) as the rest of his behaviour. He once stated his creed: "I am a Socialist because I want to see my fellow-men and women enjoying the advantages which I enjoy myself." His was Socialism of the heart, rationalised by Marxism of the head. But he came to party Communism late in life—mainly through his frustrations, first in the Spanish civil war, and later when no one but the *Daily Worker* would ventilate his case for A.R.P. deep shelters or give him a chance (unpaid) to educate the workers in science. He was persuaded to become the chairman of the editorial board of the *Worker*; and then, in 1942, the Communist Party claimed him as their prize intellectual; he applied for membership.

Where he stands today is anybody's guess. His crisis came with the Lysenko controversy. Long before, he had said that he would judge the U.S.S.R. by its treatment of his own science. And here it was—grossly maltreated, and he with it. For Lysenkism erected a scientific dogma and denounced as "idealistic and bourgeois" the whole of statistical genetics, of which Haldane (a member of the Moscow Academy) is one of the world's leading exponents. He could not bring himself to defend Lysenko (as Bernal did); he prevaricated. He was "waiting for the complete proceedings." His later utterances can be read as criticisms of Lysenko (as in a side-reference at the British Association this year) but the affair had its consequences. He withdrew from the *Daily Worker* board and dropped his regular articles. His retreat from the party has been discreet—no recantations and no recriminations. He has found a new enthusiasm, India, to replace Russia. He has even suggested that he may die an Indian. The balm of Sanskrit philosophy has assuaged the burns of Marxism.

Perhaps the most characteristic picture of J. B. S. Haldane may be found in besieged Madrid, where he waxed enthusiastic over Rimbaud's poetry in air-raid shelters, and, with a Spanish colleague, studied the plant-genetics of the explosive cucumber while explosive bombs were falling around. Fighting the workers' battle is important, but so is the genetics of the explosive cucumber.

# Crime and Punishment in Wisconsin

I ARRIVED in the lovely, leafy city of Madison, Wisconsin, early one morning, and rang up Ray Davidson, deputy director of the Division of Corrections in the Department of Public Welfare. I had never met Mr. Davidson, and I had only a very tenuous and last-minute kind of introduction to him.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

I told him.

"I'll be right over to fetch you."

This attitude, I had found, was characteristic of American penal administrators. They are, in my experience, a warm, generous-spirited, crusading body of men, with a keen sense of public relations: so keen, in fact, that the states which have the most money to spend on handsomely illustrated brochures, inspired magazine articles and the rest are apt to enjoy the reputation of being penologically the most advanced. Wisconsin is not a rich state by comparison with California, say, or New York; and for that reason, perhaps, its accomplishments in the penal field have received less recognition than they deserve. But I should doubt if they are excelled anywhere else in the U.S.

To begin with, Wisconsin is one of the six states to have abolished capital punishment. The last execution there took place in 1853, when a half-crazed farmer, who had stabbed his wife to death and flung her body down a well, was hanged in public. This spectacle proved so revolting that it resulted in an immediate and overwhelming demand, not merely to place a polite, official veil of secrecy over such barbarities in the future, but to end them altogether. Needless to add, there was no subsequent rise in the number of capital offences. More importantly, for this is not true of all other abolition states, there has never been any significant movement since for the re-imposition of the death penalty.

When I asked Dr. John Gillin, veteran criminologist at the university, what he thought the reason for this was, he answered, as I suspected he might, that Wisconsin's population is predominantly of Scandinavian origin and is thus attached to a humanitarian tradition. This may well be the explanation also of the unusually enlightened approach that the state's penal administrators are permitted to adopt towards the whole problem of crime and punishment. It is an approach that has been expressed in one of the Division of Corrections' bulletins in these words: ". . . the juvenile delinquent and the adult offender are as sick as the man suffering from a mortal disease. The only difference is that there is hope for the former; with proper treatment . . . he may become a worthwhile citizen. The criminal is a socially sick person who can and should be helped."

This declaration of high principle is not yet exactly followed in practice. It cannot be. Wisconsin's penal administrators, like penal administrators in other American states and in Britain, too, for that matter, are running ahead of public opinion. They are saddled with inheritances that they don't like, but have not been able to get rid of. For instance, they are obliged to put up with a state penitentiary that was built over a hundred years ago. In such a place, as they readily admit, any psychiatric, recreational and educational treatment programme must necessarily be restricted. Worse, the therapeutic value of such a programme is to a considerable extent negatived by the high walls and bars and maximum security discipline and other surviving features of the old-fashioned prison, which are in themselves provenly destructive.

The Division of Corrections estimates that a minimum 80 per cent. of the average population of 1,300 men in the state penitentiary could safely be transferred to modern institutions of the medium and minimum security types, and it hopes that one day such institutions will be made available to it. But its chief aim, now and always, is to save men and women from being sent to a prison of any kind. And here, through a piece of legislation which was recently enacted at its instance, it is having remarkable success.

This law, as it is currently being administered, represents a giant step towards legal acceptance of a principle that progressive penologists would like to see accepted everywhere: namely, that punishment should be designed to fit the criminal, not the crime. For the law provides that when a person is convicted of a felony, the court may, irrespective of the nature or gravity of the offence, either withhold or suspend sentence and place the person on probation to the Department of Public Welfare, if it appears from his character and the circumstances of the case that he is unlikely to commit the crime again.

The Department of Public Welfare, which asked for this heavy responsibility, is discharging it through a special Bureau of Probation and Parole within its Division of Corrections. The bureau employs some 66 field agents scattered throughout the state, and 14 district supervisors. These men are highly qualified. They are required to have at least a master's degree and to be trained in all aspects of social work, including psychology. They are also, by civil service standards, well paid; a field agent gets a starting salary, inclusive of cost-of-living allowance, of something close to the equivalent of £2,000 a year.

They are under instructions to approach the men and women committed to their charge, not as law violaters, but as "emotionally disturbed" people in need of specialised treatment. This treatment may entail a greater or lesser degree of actual surveillance, though as a general principle surveillance is kept to the minimum. It may entail removing the "client" (as the probationer is officially described) to some new environment or securing an improvement in his old one. It may entail finding him a suitable job or providing him with vocational or educational guidance. And

it may mean arranging for him to have psychiatric care, either in the form of individual treatment or group therapy. The Division of Corrections has eight psychiatrists and ten psychologists on its payroll. In this respect at least, Wisconsin is ahead of any other state in the Union.

Of course, the spirit of the new probation law might very easily be defeated, by conservative, punitively minded judges. But this is demonstrably not happening. The Bureau of Probation, which makes a special point of maintaining good relations with the courts, has already won their confidence in the effectiveness of its programme. Thus during the period 1952-54—the two years following the passing of the act—more than half of the 6,518 adults convicted of felonies were placed on probation. In the category of the most serious crimes, five were placed on probation for manslaughter as against 24 sent to prison; six were placed on probation for armed robbery as against 79 sent to prison; and for rape the figures were equal—seven and seven. (Here it is worth noting that both rape and armed robbery are still capital offences in some states.)

In the category of less serious, but still by no means petty crimes, probation was in excess of imprisonment. Thus 432 offenders were placed on probation for unarmed burglary as against 402 sent to prison; and for larceny 616 were placed on probation as against only 277 sent to prison. The figure for sodomy is, perhaps, of particular significance: 17 placed on probation as against 19 sent to prison. For one must remember that in a still very puritan country—adultery is a criminal offence throughout America—Wisconsin is about as puritan a state as there is north of the Mason-Dixon line.

But, to my mind, the most striking fact of all was that one *murderer* had been placed on probation. This was a young man, whom I'll call Jenkins, and admittedly his conviction was only for murder in the third degree. He had been driving with party of friends; they were all rather drunk and when they came to a small town late at night, and found they were short of money to buy more liquor, they decided to "roll" a passing soldier. Jenkins remained in the car, and took no part in the actual commission of the crime, which resulted in the soldier's death. But he had nevertheless acquiesced in it, and failed to report it subsequently. He was, therefore, an accessory.

When the director of the Probation Bureau told me of this case, I asked him whether there was any reason why a first degree murderer should not be placed on probation and he said that legally there was none. Suppose, I said, Mrs. Ellis—someone who on the face of it would presumably be considered most unlikely to repeat her crime—had been tried and convicted in Wisconsin, might she have been given probationary treatment?

The answer to that, he said, would have depended on the state of public opinion. More likely, she would have been thought suitable for a life sentence to the Home for Women (a model institution) followed by as early as possible pardon or parole. After all, he pointed out, fitness for probation doesn't only depend on a person's likely ability to get along in a free community; it depends also on the community's willingness to allow him to get along. No one is a good probation risk, if he is likely to face so much antagonism in the free world that he will be driven to further crime. That is why it is as much a part of a field agent's job to win the confidence of people within a given community as it is for him to win the confidence of a given "client."

However, the director feels, and so do all his colleagues in the Division of Corrections, that if the present trend continues, probation is bound to be used on an ever-increasing scale and may eventually include all murderers of the potentially non-recidivist type. One must hope that if and when that day comes in Wisconsin, we shan't still be hanging people in England.

GILES PLAYFAIR

# Fleet Street Notebook

UNLIKE the Japanese press, which has just had a group of three life-size statues representing Independence, Self Respect and Progressiveness unveiled in its honour in Chiforigafuchi Park opposite the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, the British popular press still awaits its public tribute in bronze. Nevertheless it can face 1956 with head high. Although withholding from it an entirely clean sheet, the Press Council has presented it with a sizable halo to be going on with. The popular press, says the Council's report, in a lyrical passage which must have brought a coy tremor to many a cynical heart in and around Fleet Street and Fetter Lane, may have its faults but it is "invariably on the side of patriotism and legality, of courage and chivalry." There was once a popular Sunday paper editor who used to express this in slightly different words. "Stick to sex, crime and the Union Jack," he used to tell new members of his staff, "and you can't go wrong." But no doubt in his rough way he meant the same as the Press Council.

Parts of the report suggest that the days when its distinguished chairman, Sir Linton Andrews, was one of Northcliffe's young men, now awaken cosy memories—as he cons through

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**NANCY ASTOR**
**by GEOFFREY BOCCA**

**She came to England a "Gibson Girl" from Virginia—and became the most famous woman in the land.**

**She went to Moscow and talked to Stalin about the Bible; she provoked Winston Churchill to ask her to leave the Tory Party.**

**What is she?**

**Crusader or eccentric? Lovable or hateful? Demon or saint?**

**Here is told the real truth about "The Cliveden Set"—the clique that was said to guide Britain's foreign relations from a "Second Foreign Office" in Lady Astor's home.**

**The Nancy Astor Story will be the year's most discussed biography.**

***BEGINNING THIS WEEK-END IN THE***

**SUNDAY EXPRESS**

the reports of local weddings, funerals and mayoral junketings with which the excellent provincial journal he edits buttresses itself against national competition—and so obscure what goes on in Fleet Street. Yet the council has done excellently to come to the defence of the mass circulation newspapers against the spate of denigration directed against them. One can afford a good deal more salt with one's daily newspaper diet than the Press Council permits itself in its high-minded admiration of the mission of the popular press " to expose injustices, to right wrongs . . . to befriend the friendless and help the helpless " and still find oneself firmly on its side in this matter. As I have several times remarked in these columns, it is the business of the popular press to be explosive: not, as its betters are so constantly urging, to provide an objective judgment of affairs for which it has little qualification, but a minefield through which officialdom walks at its constant peril.

The council gets off to a rather smug start and is still, perhaps, more troubled by " vulgarity " than it need be; but it is nice to see the council take so firm a stand against the currently fashionable idea in some official quarters that all right thinking newspapers should turn themselves into gentlemap ushers at Mr. Oliver Edwards's school for manners and morals in Printing House Square. Its interventions against genuine abuses of press power—and there are still quite a lot to be found—should be all the more effective as a result. In fact, the council has already done a good deal in this direction, as the report shows—on occasion with an admirable refusal to be intimidated by fear of the libel laws. It has hardly yet become quite what Sir Linton Andrews claims for it: "an institution widely accepted in our national life." But he and his fellow members have set about doing a practical job with a good deal of courage and good sense. For this, they well deserve congratulation.

But let us have their next report without the halos. One hates to come between Sir Linton and his prose style but a shade less self-satisfaction, a touch of vinegar here and there, would help to make the mixture more convincing: at present the high principles rest a little uneasily on the stomach. Our newspapers, like our policemen, are wonderful, of course. But can they, one asks oneself as one intones some of the paragraphs of this report, can they really be as wonderful as Sir Linton thinks? Perhaps he ought to read some of them more regularly.

Rather churlishly, I thought (but it may have been modesty), neither the *Daily Mirror* nor the *Daily Sketch* mentioned the report. The rest of the popular papers gave it the space its appreciation of their merits deserved. But although praise is lightsome it can have done little to lift the cloud that has settled on newspaper managements with the announcement of a rise of another £3 10s. a ton in the " equalised " price for newsprint as from January 1—30s. a ton more than had been expected.

This increase, due mainly to a very sharp rise in the price of home produced newsprint, is likely to make several newspapers take another look at their plans for bigger newspapers in March. It may well lead to a renewed request to the government to remove from the newspaper industry the threatened burden of freedom and keep newsprint rationing in force. Meanwhile higher costs will weigh particularly heavily on the more serious among the popular papers which, although no doubt as brimful of chivalry as the *Express* and the *Mirror*, stick more closely to serious news reporting and do not as a result have anything like their circulations. This group has been steadily losing ground for some time; its combined circulation has dropped by just on 700,000 a day in the last four years. For the *News Chronicle*, the *Herald* and even the *Mail* the higher cost of newsprint, and the consequent increase in the gap between expenditure and income from sales to be bridged by advertisement revenue, may well prove serious. There are one or two provincial newspapers for which it could be disastrous. Despite bouquets all round from the Press Council, the New Year does not open very happily for those who believe that a good deal of the strength of a free press must lie in its variety.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

# The House of Don Jose

WHEN I was in Paloma, on the coast of Catalonia, I stayed in the house of Don Jose. It was on the Avenue of Generalissimo Franco, in the noisiest part of the town, and all night you could hear cement lorries roaring their way to Barcelona. The house was very clean although the water could stop running, the lavatory seize and the lights fuse. Don Jose was a slight, baldish man with a voice like a cascade, and the first day I arrived, he showed me into a room with a huge desk, a black crucifix and a family tree. "Just the place for a writer! You will find complete quiet here," he shouted above the clatter of the cement lorries.

The house was nearly always full of guests, visitors, relatives, children and dogs. The Spaniards always move about in enormous masses, and it is difficult for any visitor to a house not to bring all his friends. Jose's wife, Pilar, sweated and cooked day and night and an endlessly changing series of domestics pattered out for wine. Whenever a lull threatened, we all left for another house, and other wives sweated and cooked.

Jose was a happy and an unhappy man, laughing and brooding alternately. In Spain, men's hearts are eaten by the tradition of honour, which is greater than love, friends or the sun. "Life has been a long catastrophe," he said to me. Friends had been butchered in the civil war, his wife's father had died and left a fortune to her brother. "He lives in the flat above. Been there for ten years. We never speak"; and his daughter, Conchita, was going to marry into a wealthy Barcelona family. This was his cross. He could give no dowry. His daughter had been adopted by her fiancé's family. He could feel the hard ancient eyes of Spain pricking his back. "She wanted to be a ballerina, and we sold everything we had for her lessons." "Yes," said Pilar, "and when love came she cried and she cried so that the stars shook." In Spain, ballerinas are fallen women, the prey of rich wild animals.

But soon the round singing world would turn again and Jose dance to its tune. There were new obligations, and smaller honours called. A young Belgian student lay on a divan in the drawing-room, dying. Doctors called, a father flew from Brussels, then sisters, and the house smelled of antiseptic. A chief of police appeared, like a wasp on holiday, accompanied by his wife and son. "A dangerous man," said Jose, "but he saved me from being shot during the civil war." Manuel, the chief of police, was an Andalusian with sudden smiles as gay as the feast of Saint Andrew. He had a mania for changing the locks on his doors, and his son was terrified of the dark. "They're both afraid of witches," explained Pilar. The chief of police was known as the Moor, owing to his darkness, his jealousy and his passion. He was slightly charmed by this, and, on the beach, liked to wrap a towel around his head and surround himself with girls. Then a sailor appeared, to visit two children he had left in Jose's house. He arrived with dolls from Japan, and all of us, except for the dying student, went down to the quay to wave his ship to Rio. For some reason it got stuck in the channel for two hours.

Then there was me. Jose began teaching me Catalan ("Pointless," said the chief of police. "It sounds like dogs barking."), showing me muffled Roman ruins, taking me on expeditions, introducing me to friends. He was schoolmaster, landlord, goad, buffoon and tragic hero. I didn't work, a magic thread had snapped. I went out drinking with the son of the chief of police, who, as night began to fall, became increasingly terrified of the prospect of sleeping alone. "We must find foreign girls immediately," he cried. When I returned home, Jose was pacing the streets like a father in a farcical opera, and as soon as he saw me, feigned enormous astonishment. "I was just taking the air," he said. . . .

One day the daughter, Conchita, arrived. She was accompanied by the fifteen-year-old sister of her fiancé, a girl with long, surprised hair, who looked exactly like Alice in Wonderland. She was a practised performer on the piano. This young girl, Maria, fitted in perfectly with the buried strategems of Jose and eased the strain on his honour, because she preferred the house of Jose, the cement lorries, the students, children and dogs to her father's house in Barcelona. Jose dealt her like a playing card into his losing heart. Conchita was not beautiful, but she moved like

# To Whom It May Concern

You, who so profitably sell
The unassembled parts of Hell,
Who (like King Solomon) divide,
Offering Death to either side,
And—having bartered—shame the Devil,
Saying your purposes were civil—

What candles did you burn in thanks
To Judas when you sold your tanks?
And when the lot was signed and sealed,
Did you recall the Potter's Field?
Is there a Price of Blood for gentry
Whose ethics are in double-entry?

Your patron saint at least went off
And hanged himself. But Zaharoff
Began a new tradition which
Made him respectable and rich;
How come the Honours List has slighted
Virtue so worthy to be knighted?

Perhaps in governmental eyes
Your sturdy Private Enterprise
Competed with official truck. . . .
Who sold the swords when Herod struck?
We know who pays if once he has 'em—
Children are his Malthusiasm.

Gun-running is an ancient game
And many an honourable name
Must, with enduring glory, grace
The sentimental human race:
An Abd el Krim, a Roger Casement—
*But not your dirty Bargain Basement.*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

a ripple of corn. The shape of her body was as breathless as a spring sacrifice, so that whenever she used to dance in ballet costume, only relatives, children and heavily censored friends were admitted into the auditorium.

Jose was the slave of sudden, rollicking impulses. When there was a lull in the house, he would shout "Let us go to the mountains! Let us go to the sea!" One evening he shouted like this, and his child, the sailor's children, Conchita, Jose and myself collected water-melons, cheese, ham and wine and walked out of Paloma under a moon like a talisman. We walked along miles of railway line, escaping on to banks from the trains to Valencia and Barcelona, haunted by the melancholy underworld whistles of ancient Spanish engines. Cicadas sang. Such evenings only arrive unexpectedly, are absurdly beautiful, and then end like music and visions. Where do they go? Jose sang Catalan nursery songs in his crackling voice, the children sang, Conchita sang, and she walked gallantly ahead, all youth and music, leading us into a legend. We arrived at a long white beach and built a fire and lay on the sand and slept. In the morning a great brilliant heat came up and a few hours later Pilar, and a new domestic, arrived with food and wine, followed by the chief of police, his wife and son, a number of students with submarine equipment, the harbour-master and his three married sisters and other friends of friends. It was a large beach but it seemed to be filling up. Finally Conchita's fiancé arrived with Alice in Wonderland. I shook his hand with a pang of jealousy that throbbed over time and space.

A few weeks later Jose went to Barcelona, and I decided to go there for a few days. I stayed with the sister-in-law of the chief of police, and then his son arrived and got frightened each night and we looked for girls. We went out twice with Jose, but he was a different man, drawn and preoccupied, his pockets stuffed with papers, and he kept adding up miles of figures. "I'm building a factory," he said. "But what about the money?" I said. "There isn't any," he said, "I know a man who knows a man in Madrid who can be bribed for permits and it's only a question of slaving here like a dog for a year, living on olives and that sort of thing. Then I'll be one of the richest men in Catalonia." He shoved the papers in his pocket and took a sip of wine. "I'm not going back to Paloma till then. When Conchita's married, her husband's family will be proud to stay in my house."

When I returned to Paloma I expected to find Pilar desolate. But she had boundless optimism. "Jose will do it," she said. "We will be rich, and my brother will gnash his teeth, and Conchita will dance and everybody will come and you will come. I'm just going out to look for some new furniture."

ANTHONY CARSON

# The Arts and Entertainment

## The Unrecognised

AT the turn of the year many critics make a selection of the best paintings they have seen or the best books they have read. If it were possible, I would like to make a selection of the best paintings I have *not* seen. Nor do I mean this facetiously. We tend to assume today that we are incapable of making the colossal errors of judgment with which we now credit our grandfathers: we would see through our Alma Tademas, publish sumptuous volumes on our contemporary Cézanne and buy our Van Goghs before the paint was dry. Yet this may be—and in my opinion is—a complete illusion. It is quite possible that 1955 will be seen by future art historians to have been a critical year, a turning point in the development of a painter or sculptor of whom none of us has ever heard. Indeed if I had to choose, simply in terms of treatment meted out, between being an unknown, original painter today or in 1880, I would choose the latter. People often complain that there have been no modern artists of sufficient stature to take the place of the modern "old masters"—Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Bracque. This may or may not be true, but what is far grimmer is that the people who make this complaint never for one moment consider that the fault may be theirs: that they might be incapable of recognising a new master if they saw one.

One of the reasons for this complacency is, of course, our cult of the *avant-garde*. If we recognise artists who are so "original" that they make sculpture out of sponges, paint "intuitive" abstracts without any premeditation, or delve most wilfully into their subconscious to present us with its encrusted treasures—if we recognise these, then surely we are open to anything? Or, alternatively, if in our museums we gaze with enthusiasm at works ranging from Aztec carvings to Japanese prints—then surely we have a broad enough vision to recognise genius under any guise? Unfortunately it is not so. For, as in any other period of appreciation, we in ours only take in from foreign or historical works those qualities which fit our fashion of taste. How difficult it is, for instance, for us to appreciate Raphael. Such limitations are inevitable; the trouble is that we are seldom aware of them and that often the qualities we admire are of the most superficial kind—novelty, passion not of intent but execution, pretty colour and form for their own sake (which is no better than the pretty stories for their own sake admired by our grandparents), eccentric emotional instability. Any unknown artist who deliberately or temperamentally turns his back on these qualities has a desperate struggle.

Yet this is only one aspect of the problem, and perhaps the least serious because there are obviously a certain number of people who are prepared to look elsewhere than in the shop window of contemporary fashion, and there are millions of others who have not yet begun to consider art at all. The difficulty is that such people seldom have any opportunity of seeing unfashionable works. There is a desperate shortage of gallery-space: or, more accurately, of places where pictures can be hung and people can be persuaded to go and look at them. Outside London there are only about half a dozen galleries which occasionally show contemporary work. All of them are ignored by the national press. Inside London there are nearly fifty galleries, but the vast majority of these are either so remote or have—deservedly on the whole—gained such a poor reputation that they are not generally visited. There are then the well-known central galleries which do sometimes present new artists. But because these galleries have to make their money and cover their huge overheads by selling masters, because many of them are already committed to a "rota" of established contemporaries, and because, in some cases, the directors are fundamentally ignorant and understand nothing except market prices and how to apply the catch-phrases of their clientele, it remains very difficult for an unknown, unfashionable artist to get a representative showing. I could name immediately a dozen painters or sculptors who have failed and whose work, I am certain, would pass any representative jury of distinterested fellow artists. Or there is as I have mentioned before, the classic example of the Indonesian painter Affandi. I personally believe him to be among the three greatest painters


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# The Christmas Shows

## A REPORT

| NAME | Acting and Singing | Music and Dancing | The Book | Humour | Decor | Production | General Conduct | Master |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A GIRL CALLED JO, at the Piccadilly | Shows good mental and physical co-ordination | Would do better to attempt a more simple and less modernistic style | An adaptation of *Little Women* and *Good Wives* | Full of innocent fun | A pleasing construction of old world forms | Shows a pleasing gaiety and charm | *Has a ready and winning approach* | A.F. |
| ALADDIN, at the Golders Green Hippodrome | Satisfactorily zestful. Miss Wallis gives Aladdin all the pituitary she's got, and is solidly supported | Satisfactory, but only just. Excellent acrobatics and conjuring. Don't take Herod or there may be mayhem | High above average. Snappy and quippy with some curiously Joycean punning | Brilliant slapstick by Dick Emery (Mrs. Twanky) and LaurieLupino Lane and George Truzzi | Excellent, in a modest way. Abanazar (a masterly performance by Claude Chandler)especially well dressed | Thoroughly competent. And industrious, e.g., the haunted palace set, which functioned perfectly | *Although neither Mao Tse Tung nor the Fairy Godmother will wholeheartedly approve, this is a remarkably good show* | M.R. |
| PETER PAN, at the Scala | Miss Peggy Cummin's Pan virile, if unethereal. Nonetheless a most graceful "high flyer" | Poor. An uncooperative spirit seemed to imbue the class | Distinction expected. An unaccountable failure but Barrie a difficult pupil | Incorrigibly lacking! A ruthless Scotch whimsy no substitute | Splendid work. Miss Fanny Taylor rounded off a fine year | Sound rather than inspired. JohnFernald's command of his team very disappointing | *Unsure. Has not gained its feet. Possibly a "late-developer"* | M.C. |
| CHARLEY'S AUNT, at the Globe | Gay charade style. Mr. Frankie Howerd leading | Mr. Frankie Howerd obliges for a brief moment | The old favourite still working well | Characteristic additions by Mr. Howerd: top marks | Undistinguished but suitable, by Motley | Mr. Chappell keeps up a spanking pace | *Still the brightest spark in the school* | J.A.L. |
| NODDY IN TOYLAND, at the Princes (matinees) | Poor effort (do better next time) | A little weak. | Has attempted something she cannot quite manage | Poor | Has achieved something | Has tried | *Emotionally immature. Psycho-analysis suggested* | A.F. |
| THE FAMOUS FIVE, at the Princes (evenings) | Ready to meet all situations in a sportsman-like way | Not taken | Satisfactory Girl's Annual standard attained | Merry and clean fun | Neat and solid | Satisfactory | *Takes a healthful interest in communal activities of the more adventurous sort* | A.F. |
| BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, preceded by some SEASONAL JOYS, at the Players | Top quality burlesque | Music is tuneful, cheerful and borrowed, in the main, from excellent sources: dancing so-so | By (or is it after?) Planche; both witty and funny | Pantomime variety but aboveaverage; suitable for adults but not dirty | Imaginative, ingenious and charming. Credit to Reginald Woolley. | Choreography poor; otherwise good all round | *A credit to the class. Those with hats and coats to retrieve can well skip the Harlequinade* | J.F. |
| LISTEN TO THE WIND, at the Arts | Plenty of energy but could do with more polish: v. creditable results from the Junior form | Catchy tunes: still being hummed in the homeward Tube | Though Barrie's influence is still noticeable, striking out nicely on a line of its own | Intimations of immorality from a tart mermaid and a Raffish bird to please the nearly-grown-up | Victorian: pretty and Rackham-fantastic | Went with a swing | *Coming on nicely as a young highbrow-catcher* | J.A.S. |
| CRANKS, devised by John Cranko, at the Watergate | Has not yet enough concentration to be in complete harmony with the others | Good. Ideas of modern movement show invention | Shows talent for a beginner. An inquiring mind | A satisfactory release of subconscious ideas | Still rather messy with his paints | An interesting if careless study | *Has made a good beginning in self-expression Hope he will keep it up* | A.F. |
| TOM ARNOLD'S HARRINGAY CIRCUS AND WILD WEST SHOW | Scalions sing a few notes. The lady lion-tamer dominates | Cleverish act by the Barios—one of those Italian families. Delicious dancing by elephants | The W. W. Show could have done with a drop of story | Not many clowns, but all hardworking and water-splashing | Trapeze acts deliriously visual. Elephants prettily dressed; clowns ingeniously so | Surely the longest on record. But the W.W. Show was disorganised | *Fair value. But I doubt if Circus and W.W. really blend* | M.R. |
| CINDERELLA, at the Palace | A happy chummy class this year, all singing about pallineess. Buttons is rather too big for his playmates and doesn't seem to be very clever | Composition, untalented; singing, well-meaning but sometimes off note; dancing, a well-drilled junior class | Emile (Littler) must use his imagination more; he tends to turn out pale copies of what others have done better | Such frolics from the Broker's Men, with a real touch of fantasy; Ugly Sisters, rowdy, and seem to expect more laughs than they get | Doris (Zinkeisen) needs more room to spread herself, and must learn not to shirk essentials. Weak at transformation | A fine team spirit generally, but some of the girls don't pull their weight | *Junior girls (Terry Girls) exemplary; senior class (Tiller Girls) tend to be listless* | A.P. |

alive. But, leaving that assessment aside, his work has now been bought by most of the leading European museums. Four years ago in London he was forced to show his work on the top floor of a department store.

The prospect of exhibiting in group shows is equally discouraging. The only existing group of any standard is the London Group, and they have no premises and can show now only about 50 non-members' paintings a year. The policy of the I.C.A. has already been much discussed in these columns. There remains the Arts Council, but now that they have closed their regional offices and are pursuing a policy of "consolidation" only, the unknown artist can hope for little from them. If there is any rich philanthropist who really wants to serve the arts, I suggest that he lends or gives premises in central London for a *Salon des Indépendants*.

Finally, however, there is yet another obstacle to our best new artists being recognised: an obstacle which they, understandably enough, erect themselves. Many of our most serious unrecognised artists are so sickened by the preciousness, snobbism, ignorance, bluff and blatant commercialism of the "art world" that they prefer to remain outside it, not even trying to break in. Many of them would like to paint murals or carry out public works for a minimum fee, because they realise that in this way they could reach an audience sturdier and more inspiring than that of the official art market—a trade union and working-class audience without so many deep, cultural preconceptions. As yet few such opportunities are offered. They remain in isolation. But the closed art shop, for which we critics are usually the weekly salesmen, is far more profoundly isolated.

And so, in view of all this, I would like, before beginning another year's criticism, to acknowledge my respect and hopes for all those artists whose works I shall not write about. I am well aware that the majority of them are unremarkable. Our present culture is ruthless to the fifth rate artists which it produces—but also to the first rate ones who work despite it.

JOHN BERGER

# Farce French and English

**"The Fruits of Summer," at the Marble Arch Pavilion**

**"Heidi and Peter," at the London Pavilion**

Farce has been hanging about the Marble Arch for some while, with the British variety well entrenched in the Odeon. There, a couple of weeks ago, we met *An Alligator Named Daisy*: an encounter less painful than might have been expected. Daisy herself quite outshone that Parisian seal that had tried to engage us a little farther down the street; and there were laughable moments in a Palladian country house, in Regent's Park after hours. And for fun, who but La Dors? (Couldn't we bring back 3-D for her sake?) But how English *that* was!—for in a moment I shall be coming to the French mode—to put in sex as a help-along! However, we have always preferred frustration to fulfilment, and on the slippery slopes of farce to chisel ourselves in rather than slide. The film to succeed Daisy finds its arcadia in Switzerland and in two young Englishmen who have caught chickenpox—*All for Mary*, but not, I'm afraid, for me.

However, one crosses the road, and there, at the Pavilion, is farce ensorcelled by the name of Edwige Feuillère—and she could lure me in anywhere. As a matter of fact I knew nothing about the film, and she might have been Marie Antoinette, a school-mistress graciously Lesbian, a heroine of Balzac. She turned out a beautiful mother with a difficult daughter and a distant husband—who suddenly gets some job connected with delinquent children, and has, hurriedly, to pull his family together. So the spoilt child (Etchika Choureau) is taken off whisky and parties, and given a new mentor, who releases her inhibitions to the tune of her conceiving a baby.

Various situations of farce have been exploited—one drawback of the genre being that every chance must be not only seized but held on to till the scream for release—such situations as the boredom of youth, the vitality of experience, the desirable wife and the remote but susceptible husband, sexual re-education, the delayed but inevitable reunion, to say nothing of couples caught kissing, hotel doors opening simultaneously, too much to drink, and too much—this goes all round—to say. These are most expertly handled by both scriptwriter and actors; and let me note one advantage of nearly all good farces, that they provoke better performance than they deserve.

*The Fruits of Summer* is, to be sure, no masterpiece, but it manages to jog along with an illusion of novelty and gives its performers full play. (I should mention Henri Guisol as the husband, especially yielding to success and persuasion under drink.) There is a pleasing undercurrent of surprise and wit. All along we have wondered, not perhaps why the expectant young woman will change her mind and marry the young man she obviously loves; but what excuse the dramatist will find for her doing so; and in the last half-minute he whisks the ace from his sleeve. This is none other than the unborn child. "Je crois qu'il a tourné," she remarks; "il demande son papa." Not dazzling, but nicely far-fetched—and characteristic of the film as a whole.

*Heidi and Peter* is a Swiss film that starts with the disadvantage of bogging us in the Christmas we've just got out of: every Swiss up to the age of ten, it seems, believed in 1890 in Santa Claus, and there he is coming in at the school-room door. We get over the presents-and-resolutions stage, only to find that the whole thing is as badly wound up with the picture-postcard view of Switzerland as with Christmas. A lamé girl, an unruly boy, a fairy godmother, wise old words, and too-pat yodelling come into it; and there *are* some very pretty views (if only deep organ tones wouldn't underline them), and Heidi herself—whom we've seen before—has a practical charm. The most dreadful dubbing in American completes the wreck of a film that in any case probably deserved it.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

# Strictly for the Savage Breasts

AN essential contrast between the BBC and the commercial programme companies is illustrated well in their respective methods of handling serious music on television.

Although music is probably best broadcast on sound alone, TV programme-planners naturally feel that they cannot just ignore it. So Associated-Rediffusion hire Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé—and then find that they have on their hands an awkwardly "cultural" property, unlikely to get so high a rating as *Dragnet* or Liberace. Like other programmes with a minority appeal, it is messed about with—moved to later in the evening (10 p.m.), reduced in length (from one hour to three-quarters of an hour). I see no objection to the later hour; but I am not impressed by statements implying that Sir John himself actually prefers the shorter time since "time should be fitted to music, not music to time," and "he doesn't like padding." The situation is complicated by the fact that Sir John is Associated-Rediffusion's musical adviser. His discretion in planning individual programmes is said to be complete; but this is, of course, within the limits of a general policy necessarily based on ITV's quantitative standards of judgment. If he were drawing up a programme to please himself, or to appeal to a concert audience of average discernment, Sir John would presumably not fill it entirely with works by Strauss, Lehar, Quilter, Waldteufel, and Humperdinck, pretty enough as these are in their way. A substantial


JANUARY

*First Spree*

IT IS NOT KNOWN what children think about waiters, and it can only be surmised what waiters think about children. A child's first experience of a restaurant must be full of surprising and incomprehensible phenomena, and the anonymous, black-coated gentleman who proffers its delicious viands is only one wonder among many. "Who is that man, Mummy?" it occasionally asks in a penetrating and slightly apprehensive voice; but its mind is so busy speculating what all the huge knives and forks are for, and what to do with the snowy immensities of its napkin, and why the lady and gentleman next door have got a bottle in a bucket full of ice, that the deft, mysterious stranger makes but a fleeting impression. The child's presence must, one suspects, put the waiter in a rather invidious position. Normally he endeavours to interest guests in the richer and more expensive dishes; for the bigger the bill, the bigger the tip. But now the epicure's adviser is demoted to an austere dietician. Reproachful cries of "Please don't give him any of that!" and "I thought you said it wasn't fried in oil?" ring in his ears. A maternal nose sniffs suspiciously at the delicacies he brings. The best he can hope for is that the young gentleman (for it is thus, rather than as "sonny" or "your little boy", that he feels obliged to refer to the child) will not be sick until later in the afternoon.

*Later in life young gentlemen (and, of course, young ladies) become more independent-minded. They may then read with pleasure (and, we hope, profit) the Midland Bank's booklet 'This Way to Independence', a lively guide to banking for young people. Any branch will give you a copy.*

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minority of viewers must feel that this is a sad waste of the Hallé.

Such as it was, however, Monday's edition, called *A Night in Vienna*, was pleasant enough. Save for a few couples whirling across a pillared piazza, no visual "interpretation" of the music was attempted. The producer relied, with monotonous repetitiveness, on shots of the orchestra from various angles and, especially, on close-ups of Sir John, whose features, and what he does with them, are admirably suited to this treatment: the brow cocked quizzically, the imperial profile, the romantic mat of dark hair, the face of a raddled saint, the consciously devastating charm of the weary smile. . . .

By contrast, the BBC employs two extremely ordinary-looking chaps named Dobson and Young to present a programme (every other Tuesday at 9.15 p.m.) called *Music Opens the Door*. Sir John Barbirolli, being tied to the advertisers' supposed requirements, dares not present anything above the level of the *Fledermaus* overture: Dobson and Young are free to roam between Bach and boogie-woogie, and free even to suggest that the viewers may like to learn a little more about music than they already know.

There is nothing new in the act: it has been done six thousand times since Dobson and Young began lecturing to the troops in 1941. Yet the essence of it is surprise: Mr. Dobson constantly coaxes jazz fans into liking classical music, and those who disapprove of jazz into enjoying it. With his simple pranks, he is rather like an old-fashioned north-country village schoolmaster—an uninhibited pixy who, on Tuesday, held his non-captive TV audience as well as his captive audience of policemen cadets and recruits at Hendon.

Another fortnightly programme which should settle down into a successful combination of instruction and entertainment is J. B. Priestley's *Books and Authors*. Mr. Priestley chose four books of 1955 for commendation; I should have liked a little more about the contents of the two of them I had not read—perhaps even actual extracts illustrative of their styles. But Mr. Priestley has an enviably relaxed manner, and his idea of book-buying circles seems worth pursuing.

Earlier the same evening, in *Panorama*, Mr. Muggeridge was discovered in the cockpit of a Canberra bomber (in order to introduce a potential recruit to the RAF) and Mr. Wyatt presented some vivid Middle East interviews—the more disturbing, somehow, because of the broken English in which his Arab refugees expressed their passion: "Yes, welcome for the coming war . . . ", "We are asking war . . . ". But these hatreds were at least honest and real; *I Led Three Lives*, an American film series glorifying an FBI spy and, by implication, justifying the excesses of the witch-hunt, is a disgrace to the BBC. It is also, in plot and action, more childish than any Western.

Both BBC News and ITN handled the French election on Tuesday night, at 10 and 10.45 respectively. ITN had a clear win. The BBC's man—anonymous, excellent in voice, unglamorous in his heavy spectacles—gave us the news straight; we then went over to a studio in Paris for a comment on it, sensible and balanced enough, by Thomas Cadett. For ITN Christopher Chataway gave us the news; we then saw lively scenes at polling stations in Paris and elsewhere; then back to London for a comment by Richard Goold-Adams . . . and then—a familiarity unthinkable on the BBC!—"Back to Chris." The polling scenes made a big difference: why didn't the BBC lay them on? Pretty obvious, wasn't it? And why bother to take us to Paris merely for a studio comment?

Possibly because of the holidays, there has been a good deal of slipshod work on both the BBC and ITV lately—people wandering on-screen who shouldn't be there, dialogue under-rehearsed, lines fluffed, names mispronounced by newscasters, visual titles mistimed or misplaced. To the uncommitted viewer, it is fun that such things can still happen; but it seems unprofessional.

TOM DRIBERG

# Correspondence

## HUNTING THE HYDRA

SIR,—Paul Johnson thinks that there is a new public radicalism arising and that it is finding its John Wilkes "in a heterogeneous group of ruthless journalists." He misunderstands this phenomenon. What we have seen in recent years is the birth of the professional indignatory. Indignation is a precious gift in the modern world. Gilbert Harding makes a fat living from indignation, and, as Paul Johnson has perceived, there are a number of waspish journalists regularly airing their prejudices in public. Several daily papers now publish columns of strong-arm opinions. What they each have to say of course differs greatly, but their format does not. Each has for heading a drawing of a balding man with indignant spectacles. They might almost be brothers. They all claim to say what the ordinary man is thinking, and thus hide from him the hard truth that he is thinking what they are saying. Paul Johnson has likewise been misled. I do not know if these indignatories hang about public bars and factory gates, but I do believe that the public are becoming so little moved by non-material issues that they must feel these people are paid to be indignant for them. This is understandably English, because they do the same sort of thing with the common hangman and veterinary surgeons. There is no radicalism, but there is apathy.

Further evidence for this is provided by the politicians, who are the only people who have to address empty halls and talk about "mounting public anger." They have been driven to encourage the worship of indigation and call it the symptom of a free society. A symptom is not a habit, and this is our newest habit of being angry by proxy.

Television has provided a fertile field. Not so long ago, viewers used to watch a simple programme Sunday after Sunday in the hope that someone would become exasperated by its inanity. Gilbert Harding struck it rich here and good luck to him. When I watch television now I yearn for him. I am every night expecting to see a programme whose climax has a sleek compere announcing excitedly "And now Mrs. Cronshaw, Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. Schnitzel, *here is* that same gravedigger who buried your three husbands."

The new indignation is misdirected: it is levelled away from and on behalf of the public. There is a danger that we thereby mistake private idiosyncracy for public opinion. Let them "indignate" at the public. Let them tell it that it is they, and not some other people called litter-bugs, who strew old tins about the countryside. Let them say what a jolly good thing the 14-day rule is and how lucky we all are to have parties to decide such matters for us. Let them compliment the public on its disinterest in public affairs. We would then see if there is even a skin-deep new radicalism.

St. Catherine's Society, LESLIE CORINA
Oxford.

SIR,—I was horrified to find myself described in Paul Johnson's exhilarating article "Hunting the Hydra," as "the symbolic figure" in the terrifying canvas by Hieronymus Bosch that is Mr. Johnson's conception of the English Establishment. My self-respect was partially restored, however, when I came to the list of issues on which, he insisted, the British public had been in spiritual revolt against its "masters." Since I have been so grossly maligned, may I put it on record that on all but one of the issues he mentions I was on the side of the Enlightenment and not of the Establishment? I believe that Princess Margaret should have been permitted to marry the man of her choice; I am passionately opposed to capital punishment, and only slightly less so to the 14-day rule; I believe, in Mr. Johnson's words, that "a newspaper has the duty to expose corruption in the police where it can prove its case." I have reservations on only one of the matters he mentions, the case of Burgess and Maclean; it seems to me far preferable that the Government should have handled the matter the way it did, rather than to give in to the hysterical demand for a public witch-hunt.

I have a more general reservation about Mr. Johnson's argument. How does he *know* that the public was in revolt against its "masters" on all the issues he mentions? Take the matter of capital punishment. Surely the public opinion polls show that a majority still favours this barbarous institution. If, as I fervently hope, it is soon abolished, this will be a triumph for a tiny group of abolitionist M.P.s who belong to what Mr. Johnson absurdly describes as "the sullen ranks of party zombies [who], under the watchful eyes of the Whips, obediently shuffle in and out of the lobbies."

And finally, as to the so-called cube-rule (according to Mr. Johnson the "spinal column of the hydra") which, he says, was broken in the election of 1955: in fact, as David Butler has shown (in his *British General Election of* 1955, p. 206 ff.) it was not. And further, despite a few encouraging exceptions, the "swing" throughout the country was depressingly uniform, far more so than is healthy in a democratic society.

London, S.W.3. R. T. MCKENZIE

## MENTAL HEALTH

SIR,—Your journal has recently published some references to the putative effectiveness of psychotherapeutic and psychoanalytic methods in curing neurotic disorders, psychopathic conditions, homosexuality and so forth.

A few years ago, I was asked to undertake a review of all published material bearing on this question. A brief summary of the main findings may be of interest.

1. The quality of research done in this field is extremely poor, and results are almost entirely based on subjective evaluations on the part of the therapist.

2. There appears to be considerable agreement that of neurotic patients treated by means of any kind of psychotherapy approximately two out of three recover.

3. None of the studies surveyed contained a control group, *i.e.* a group of neurotics not treated by means of psychotherapy. This is obviously essential if the possible effects of spontaneous remission are to be evaluated.

4. A few large scale and reasonably well controlled studies were found in which groups of neurotics were studied who had not received psychotherapy, but had been treated entirely by their family physician or had simply had custodial treatment in hospital. Of these cases two out of three recovered. (It should be noted that in these studies the standard of "recovery" was stricter and better defined than in the psychotherapeutic studies analysed.)

5. Only one properly controlled study was found in which a meaningful comparison could be made between the treated group and the control group. In this study both groups improved to an equal extent.

The only conclusion to be drawn from published work is that it contains no facts to show that psychotherapy produces any change for better or for worse in neurotic patients. The studies summarised are too poorly controlled even to make it possible to say that they *disprove* the possibility of psychotherapeutic effectiveness. These are the facts; the quite unusually sweeping claims of your contributors may be judged by reference to them. It should perhaps be added that there appears to be an almost perfectly inverse relationship between an intimate knowledge of the subject and the sweepingness of the claims made for the effects of psychotherapy. The chairman of the fact-finding committee of the American Psychoanalytic Association on his recent visit to this country emphasised that no official claims were made by his society for the effectiveness of psychotherapy, and that the society was not responsible for any such claims which might be made by individual persons. We still lack, after over fifty years of psychoanalysis, even the most modest proof of its practical usefulness.

H. J. EYSENCK
University of London.

SIR,—The scientists and doctors who study behaviour are indeed islands of consciousness shouting across seas of misunderstanding. The possible contribution of psychologists in investigating mental health, discussed by Dr. Shapiro and Professor

Oldfield, represents part of a larger problem: at present, psychiatrists, psychologists and physiologists each have their own independently evolved jargons, and my own speciality, ethology (study of animal behaviour), adds a growing component to the bedlam. Worse still, each group is sub-divided: for instance, psychiatrists are separated into analysts, and those who are mainly concerned with "physical" treatment.

The differences of language reflect even more important differences of training and outlook. An ethologist may find claims by neurophysiologists, of the importance of the electro-encephalogram (EEG or brain-waves), unjustified in the light of its negligible contribution to solving the problems of behaviour; a physiologist, examining a paper on behaviour, may conclude that nothing worthy of report (he means, sufficiently quantitative or precise) has been observed.

The fragmentation of the sciences of behaviour is partly due to the relative neglect in Britain and elsewhere of research on behaviour—including the physiology of the nervous system and investigation of mental health. With greater endowment and more workers the necessary collaboration of specialists of different sorts would become far easier. Indeed, such collaboration would be forced on us, if we were enabled to undertake the comprehensive programmes of research which are urgently needed.

Such endowment must come from the government. It will do so only if there is a public demand for it. It is therefore timely that you, sir, should give prominence to the need for investigation of psychological and psychiatric problems.

ANTHONY BARNETT

Glasgow University.

## THE COST OF ARCHITECTS

SIR,—As a reader of your journal and an architect, may I be allowed to reply to the article by "Freeholder" in this week's issue?

It is always difficult to answer this type of sweeping general condemnation of architects. Their detractors are not easily to be deterred from arguing merrily from the particular to the general (*vide* the grossly tendentious title). But perhaps I am spoiling "Freeholder's" fun—after all, so much better to get the fullest sensational value out of one's grievances, real or imagined.

If "Freeholder" really did employ an incompetent architect, I cannot help feeling that he deserved his fate, for who employs any professional man before taking the elementary precaution of making a few discreet inquiries?

As to the question of fees, a prudent person would discover in advance the extent of his liability. In any case, most architects give their clients the little R.I.B.A. booklet on professional charges at the commencement of a commission, and no architect could object to being asked how much and when he shall be paid. The statement that architects base their fees on their own estimates (highly inflated, it is implied) is a gross misrepresentation. Fees are based on the completed cost of a building. Only in the case of designs not executed are the fees based on estimates. It seems incredible that a reasonably intelligent layman should be surprised that the preparation of designs are the major part of an architect's work.

It is ironical that a contributor to your journal should lap up the blatant capitalist double-talk served up to him by his builder. Of course, this builder quotes higher prices for architect-designed houses—because he knows there will be somebody to make sure he complies with adequate standards of technique, materials and workmanship. Of course, if this irksome restraint is removed, he can produce a cheaper house. Of course he prefers to work for a client to whom he does not have to submit his accounts or explain any technical matter whatsoever. If "Freeholder" were not so determined to find fault with architects, he would draw the obvious inference.

As to æsthetics, we can surely dismiss all that nonsense. I am certain that a building society's valuer is the best judge a man could possibly wish for.

CLAUS SELIGMANN

The Cottage, Selhurst Farm,
Grafham, Surrey.

SIR,—"Freeholder's" article on building a house is unfortunately an accurate account of much large- and small-scale building today. His dissatisfaction with his architect may have been justified in this case, but in questioning an architect's personal gain at the client's expense he can surely only have the same confidence in an architect's integrity as he would have in that of any other professional person.

Why does an architect's house cost more than a builder's? "Freeholder" admits that the architect provides a tailor-made job but he does not mention that he is also employed to ensure good standards of workmanship and materials which the builder may not be accustomed to producing. At present an architect is employed to protect the client's interests against the builder. This function of the architect as a watchdog over the builder often leads to conflict instead of co-operation. He, together with most quantity surveyors, engineers and other specialists, is isolated from the building team.

An example of this was the inability of "Freeholder's" architect to estimate accurately; and it should be pointed out that the architect and quantity surveyor, as well as the client, are in the hands of the builders and the materials suppliers. Variations in tenders may occur for the same design in different districts and from month to month as local and national conditions change. There are many factors controlling the cost of building about which the architect has little information and over which he has no control.

Economical building for all will only exist when all sections of the building industry—design, construction and materials supply (including "Freeholder's" architect)—are integrated.

24 Belsize Road, JOHN NOBLE
Hemel Hempstead. B. J. SKINNER

[We thank the many other readers who have written on this subject.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## WOMEN SCIENTISTS

SIR,—We are hearing a great deal just now about shortage of personnel for scientific and technical work; in this connection I wonder whether women are being used to the fullest possible extent. Comparisons are made between the numbers of students under training in this country and in the U.S.S.R.; wide though the disparity is, I think it might be even wider if the comparison were made on the basis of women students only.

I myself am employed in technical information work, where my qualifications are well used. On looking round for a change, however, I have recently found that technical information posts are in many cases reserved for men (often, moreover, without any indication of such reservation in the advertisement of the post). Lacking full details of the work involved, I cannot say whether the employer is justified in thus excluding women, but I feel that the problem is sufficiently important to warrant a discussion of this particular aspect.

WOMAN SCIENTIST

## CIRCUS CRUELTY

SIR,—The two letters you have published since I opened this subject must have soothed many a conscience, and quite a number of M.P.s may well have felt that they need not bother after all. Almost I began to believe that I had lost my sense of proportion and been taken in by atrocity stories. Then I remembered Belsen and Buchenwald. All I want to do is to lift the Big Top off the circus and find out how the animals are brought to the point of performing. All I get are off the point letters from circus musicians and ladies in Barkston Gardens: never a word from the men who do what I suspect to be the dirty work or the men who own the circuses. For twenty years they have had the chance of making extra money (the reward now stands at £1,000) by showing us that they can train one animal to perform one circus trick without cruelty yet not one of them has had a go. This is the basic fact which makes all generalisations seem disingenuous.

Just before Christmas the B.B.C. brought this matter to the attention of a very large public. In the "Any Questions?" programme on December 16, the day you published my previous letter, Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., Mr. Frank Byers, Mr. Jack Longland, Miss Edith Pitt, M.P. (and the question master, Mr. Grisewood, in a personal statement), decided that there was a strong case against the use of performing animals and called for an "authoritative" pronouncement. In the follow-up programme, "Any Answers?", on December 22, it was announced that "the overwhelming majority of letters from listeners" upheld this view, and among those read out, with names and addresses, were several bearing personal witness to acts of cruelty.

Evidence is hard to get, but it is coming in, and it all points to the conclusion that performing animal entertainments are an anachronistic survival from the barbarous past. I ask once again if this is to be another agitation doomed to die down because of public apathy? In the second B.B.C. programme the R.S.P.C.A. announced that it would support legislation to make the use of performing animals illegal in this country. The Performing Animals' Defence League has, I believe, a bill already drafted. I am in touch with several M.P.s. I hope that others will, during the parliamentary recess, make direct inquiries of both these organisations.

JOHN BROPHY

## ADMIRAL BYNG

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor's statement that Admiral Byng was shot in 1756 is wrong.

We lost our main base in the Mediterranean in that year, but Byng was not shot for leaving it till 1757. One thing at a time.

JOHN CARSWELL

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SIR,—I should be grateful if you would allow me the opportunity to correct two errors in my last Gramophone Notes. (1) The H.M.V. set of Verdi's *Don Carlo* is a complete performance of the four-act version of the opera and does not omit the auto da fé. (2) The name of the singer in the Wolf recital is Alfred Poell.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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*The New Statesman and Nation*, January 7, 1956

*BOOKS IN GENERAL* *REASSESSMENTS*

# John Strachey and the Left Book Club

IF I were challenged to say in a single sentence what is wrong with British Socialism, I should reply that it is bookless. The electorate can make do with the kind of popularisation possible in an article or a broadcast; those who presume to form public opinion cannot. Since most Labour politicians and trade union leaders are unable themselves to study the changes in modern society, they need books to keep them in touch with reality. If the books are not there, their "new thinking" will consist of picking up some new facts and arguments to confirm their old prejudices. There cannot be a vital Socialist Party without a vital Socialist literature.

Since 1945 this literature has dried up. The Left Book Club was the last exuberant outburst of a spring which had been gushing since the founding of the Labour Party. William Morris and Ruskin had been followed by Wells, Shaw and the Webbs, by Tawney and Lindsay, by Brailsford and Leonard Woolf, by Harold Laski and Cole and, last of all, by Evan Durbin and John Strachey. This corpus provided the intellectual framework within which policies were made. It was not a collection of party handbooks or economic tracts but a literature in the true sense of the word—books read for their intrinsic merits by anyone, Socialist or non-Socialist, who claimed to be politically alive.

For the first forty-five years of this century the Left remained on the offensive in the field of letters, and the role of Conservative writers was to defend unsuccessfully a series of last ditches. It was on territory conquered by these Socialist books that the practical politicians of the Labour Government won their victory in 1945; and if a further advance towards Socialism is ever to be made, the party machine will not make it unaided. The ground must first be cleared by another offensive, conducted by the Socialist irregulars—the partisans of Labour—dons, intellectuals and men of letters.

It is not irrelevant, therefore, to look back at the Left Book Club and to re-examine the writings of the man who both characterised and dominated its operations. If Victor Gollancz was the organiser of this guerilla onslaught on public opinion, John Strachey planned the strategy, from its first uncritically Communist phase through the Popular Front to the final abrupt climax and collapse when he and Gollancz broke with Pollitt.

I have just re-read two of Strachey's books, *The Coming Struggle for Power* and *A Programme for Progress*. The former—much the better known of the two—was published a few months before the burning of the Reichstag and the inauguration of President Roosevelt. I myself belong to the 1920s, and Tawney's *Acquisitive Society* is my Socialist Bible. Anyway, I had seen in the Berlin of 1931 far too much of the German Communists' attitude to the Nazis to believe what the Left Book Club taught. But to the Socialist generation of the 1930s, *The Coming Struggle for Power* came as a blinding illumination. Suddenly they saw the class war with Strachey's abstract extremism, jumped with him to the conclusion that capitalism was a doomed failure, and rushed to join the army of Socialist Revolution. So they dedicated themselves to the cause of the Spanish Republic, of the hunger marchers and of collective security against Fascist aggression. To borrow a favourite adjective from Harold Laski, this was a seminal book. Sown in the soil of the Hitler epoch, *The Coming Struggle for Power* produced a great tree of Socialist activity, which scattered its fruit over the back benches of the 1945 Parliament.

My re-reading of it has reinforced one lesson about politics. The surest way to maintain a reputation for good judgment is to remain silent on great issues until the outcome is obvious and the time for decision past. The more detailed one's analysis of a world crisis, the more likely are the practical conclusions drawn from it to look ridiculously wrong in retrospect. From our precarious vantage point of full employment and nuclear co-existence at the start of 1956, we can all say that history made a fool of John Strachey in 1932. How, we ask, could any level-headed observer (i) predict that capitalism would only survive for a short period and that, under Communism, there would not be "any scientific necessity to suppose that in the end death could not be indefinitely postponed"; (ii) state that Britain's most likely antagonist in war was the U.S.A.; (iii) tell J. M. Keynes that he had no solution for unemployment and that he would soon be compelled to choose Fascism; (iv) regard the Labour Party as the tool of the capitalists and the National Government as more dangerous than Hitler; and (v) applaud German nationalism as "natural and just indignation" and predict that not the Nazis but the Communists would "effect the national liberation of Germany by daring to invoke the only force which can shatter the Treaty of Versailles"? No wonder the bright young men of the present Shadow Cabinet prefer to forget that they were enthralled by a book which contained such obvious absurdities.

But they were not obvious absurdities twenty years ago. Then there was not much reason, except complacency, for believing that capitalism could survive. True, the trough of the depression had been reached when Strachey's book was published, and there were some signs of recovery throughout the Western world. But why should this recovery be maintained, when all the remedies proposed by the bankers and orthodox economists only aggravated the disease? By slashing unemployment relief, Government salaries and other forms of public spending, Herbert Hoover in America, Dr. Brüning in Germany and the Labour Government in Britain had all increased the mass unemployment they sought to cure. In the Preface to his book, dated 1934, John Strachey admitted the temporary recovery but predicted, "While there may be further periods of capitalist boom, they will have the characteristics which the philosopher Hobbes attributed to the life of primitive man—they will be nasty, brutish and short." And he concluded that "Fascism at home and war abroad are the only prospects which a failure to overthrow capitalism holds out to us." In politics, prophecy is always hazardous, but this prophecy was by no means foolish—on the facts available. What upset Strachey's predictions was the sudden emergence of two social mutations, the American New Deal and the Nazi war economy. Each in his own way, Roosevelt and Dr. Schacht were feeling their way towards a managed full-employment economy and showing that there might be a way to overcome the inherent contradictions of capitalism.

The Marxist thesis of inevitable catastrophe, leading to Socialist revolution, appealed to the heart and the head of the 1930 generation as long as it remained without an antithesis. In 1936 that antithesis was published. In his *General Theory*, John Maynard Keynes provided the theoretical demonstration that the collapse of capitalism was neither inevitable nor a precondition of the social justice and full employment which the working class demanded. Keynes was the one man intellectually adventurous enough to see the economic utility of grandiose Government expenditure, whether it took the form of Harry Hopkins's W.P.A. or Goëring's arms programme.

The impact of a revolutionary idea in politics is always slow. As far as I know, only one book was written in the 1930s which attempted to explain the *General Theory* to the rank-and-file Socialist and to evolve on the basis of it a practical policy for a Left-wing Government. That book was *A Programme for Progress*, written while John Strachey still followed the Communist line but published after he had broken with it. Far in advance of its times, it made no impact on the Labour movement. But it is as relevant today as *The Coming Struggle for Power* is obsolete. Indeed, it still provides an excellent theoretical account of the problems which faced the Labour Government in 1945 and the methods by which it overcame them. Because he was committed to a Popular Front strategy, Strachey was then free from the party inhibitions of the post-war Socialist. The kind of Government he hoped for was not a Labour Cabinet but a broadly based Coalition. He could therefore (i) dispense with the myth that full employment can only be maintained by nationalisation; (ii) urge the paramount need for increasing the profits of private industry; (iii) recognise the importance of dealing with the Balance of Payments; and (iv) advocate only such limited extensions of public ownership and State control as were necessary to achieve these aims. Writing in 1939, he brilliantly foreshadowed the bipartisan Welfare State.

Will the only result of these reflections be to confirm my colleagues in their suspicion of books and of Left Book Clubs in particular? I hope not. In the 1930s the history of western industrialised society changed course; and John Strachey, after a false start, grasped the significance of the change and successfully predicted the new direction. He took three years to accept Keynes, whereas most of his colleagues took twenty; and he swallowed the *General Theory* with an extremism which is a virtue in

an author but a drawback for a practical politician. Since 1945, history has moved even faster and further. It is high time that, in another book, he should once again analyse this movement and predict its direction. And if that endangers his political career, he can console himself with the thought that real Socialist books are both rarer and more useful today than potential Socialist Ministers.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

## Berlin: View from the Funkturm

It was not the dance of yesterday into today
brought them up here. It is a damned ugly town,
and a dolls' landscape has little dignity.
They came to see further, that is all.
There is the business section, there among trees
are the tumble-down villas of the bourgeoisie.
To the south a disused railway line is turning green.
The mighty intersections run true as the lines on maps.
Lakes make tidy patches among cracked mansions.
Just where the woods turn grey, a false mountain stands,
made of dumped rubble. From the slow exploding crossroad,
cars run by, along the Avus to the outer world.

Did the liftman from this five hundred foot
watch the fallen operators depart so to captivity,
oppressive armies come, new flags replace the old,
ten years ago? Surmise is pure rhetorical.
He is an old unworried man, and brings exactly six
spectators up the tower every eight minutes,
and takes as many down. Nor at the tower's foot,
among the printed flower-beds, do the walking crowds seem critical,
clad in the innocence of unobserving men,
seeming unworried, unworn, and near enough to be beautiful.

Yet the height is fierce to them. On their dizzying platform
these prosperous shining citizens are corrupted
by the power of looking down; they gape and grin
over the ownership of this cadaverous town,
whose bankrupt dead left little furniture.
The recompense is theirs, and anonymity, like death, indemnifies.
The hallucinated country of their gazing faces
wrinkles to tyrannic miniature.
They kill, they char, they smash again, for they survived.
It is the unsuspecting whom they hate, and triumph over.
(Smitten by innocence, the tower could so easily crumble.)
The disused evil of the day is shouting "Destruction!"

Descend, not to the funeral hurraying of mass excellence,
but a nice taste in china (salvaged),
a new car, ignorance of the neighbours,
liberality about Sundays, divorce and old loyalties.
One can walk home among the printed flower-beds,
breed goldfish in a tank, have pot plants in a room,
lie neat at night in bed
and have the semblance of the beautiful,
the true, the good. But the world has oceans in it
and the sun flings yearly round a topless sky.
We live in fear and want. Ruins accuse
a daily lack of these, and the sublime
has parallels which one may not despise.

MAIRI MACINNES

## The Snob

**Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity—1811-1846.** By GORDON N. RAY. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

When, under Professor Ray's editorship, the four volumes of Thackeray's Letters were published there was a notable change in both the hostile and idealised views of the novelist as a human being. They were the good letters of a gifted, fantasticating, bosom-opening egoist. Now the same spirited and diligent American editor gives us the first volume of the first official *Life*. It ends with the success of *Vanity Fair* and at the point where the real tussle over Thackeray's character and work begins. Up to that time he had been a clever journalist and wit, a weekly gambler with his pen who made enemies, but who had not yet made his great pronunciamento. It did not greatly matter that he was a gentleman among Bohemians, a conservative among radicals or that his bitterness may have been that self-pity which is the first step on the downward path to the bitter-sweet kind of moralising humbug. The trouble begins after this and we must wait to see what Professor Ray has to say of it. He is, in the meantime, a sympathetic biographer. He has digested his material. There is no heaviness in the writing. He has gone thoroughly into Thackeray's London and has lightly brought out the roaring genialities of the Garrick Club, the cider cellars and the booths of the Quadrant. He is aware, as analytical or schematic biographers are not, that character changes as time goes by. The burly, downright, bluff Thackeray of 25 is very different from the experienced Thackeray of 35 who has seen his fortune vanish, his illusions about the world dissolve, his marriage broken by insanity and who had pulled himself out of dissipation and idleness into hard work.

The important formative factors in Thackeray's life are his Anglo-Indian background, the wound caused by the drastic separation from his mother whom he fatally idealised, his brutal years at Charterhouse, and the loss of his fortune. Professor Ray is thorough and diverting about the Anglo-Indian connection; some of Thackeray's isolation, the air of superiority that annoyed, must have been inherited from it. The Anglo-Indians were thought to be arrogant and corrupt by the people at home; but they had a family solidarity. It is a good point that when Thackeray lost his money—and the family theirs—they helped each other with a generosity that established for ever his belief in the overwhelming value of the family affections. If Thackeray became a conservative and above the Victorian storm, if he was indifferent to the Condition-of-England question in its political form, the family was the ground on which he stood and memory was his nation. For this indifference or withdrawal he has been attacked as a writer about gentlemen for gentlemen, and as a superficial novelist evading the issues of his time. Professor Ray accepts the first challenge when he deals with the charge of snobbery. Brought up to believe in the desirability of imitating the aristocracy of the Regency, Thackeray took the role—according to Professor Ray—of denouncing this notion of gentlemanliness and of proposing a more seemly notion of the gentleman for the English middle classes. They were rising, they were offered false standards and were often ruined by them; give them good ones. Make the new rich ashamed; slap the climbers down. Romantic snobbery—one must gather from Thackeray's work—does no harm; vulgar or hollow snobbery is vanity, meanness and death. The question was a delicate one in the nineteenth century, as it is the great repressed subject today, and Thackeray can be accused of being harder on the class climbing up than he was upon the glamorous class above; but there is no question that he was writing about one of the central issues in the mid-Victorian conception of virtue, even if his bitterness hardly conveys personal detachment. What he could and did pride himself on was his realism.

It was the realism—so I judge from Professor Ray's portrait—of a wounded man, very much on


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his own, and spiting the home-grown Englishman. One has the double picture of a restless, eager, even active man, spending himself on work, pleasure and company, enjoying travel, food, wine, books and people, more out of the house than in it; and then of the prodigal returning, melancholy and acid, to his desk. Ecclesiasticus had seen too much of the sun. The Carthusian was in need of mother, even though he would see through her. Like many men whose affections are stronger than their passions, he needed a woman he could depend on and neglect. His realism and sadness were ways of forgiving himself for, as many of his letters show, he thrived on the dissipation of his energies, the gamble with his natural idleness and was sure that ebullience, fantasy, brilliance of style, eye and tongue, could improvise, cover his sins and succeed. Gambles of that kind, as Professor Ray says, do not come off without a powerful moral effort and *Vanity Fair* is a triumphant example of disadvantage ingeniously redeemed. To give an example: Thackeray belonged to shabby-genteel England; he had more experience of the toadies of the great than of the great themselves. An important element of Thackeray's picture of the great world is that he conveys it through gossip and cleverly advertises and exploits his ignorance. His method is a masterly addition to the mock heroic genre. For he perceived that gossip is the life-blood of the great world, and caught its silly spirit frittering perfectly.

Thackeray is the supreme impressionist among the English novelists and Professor Ray in his eulogy of *Vanity Fair* is aware of the variety of Thackeray's equipment and of the revolutionary nature of the book. He regards it as a very great novel, imbued with Thackeray's general wisdom. Most modern critics have found that wisdom too general. The professor finds the English outlook on life as defined in our fiction "superficial"—*Wuthering Heights* and *Middlemarch* are rigid; but superficial?—and the implication seems to be that Thackeray is profound because he is worldly like the *Rubaiyat*. Isn't Thackeray the most conventional of all men: the man of the world? But do we find behind his work any idea more profound than the old saw that things are not what they seem and that all is vanity? Professor Ray's interesting aside requires far more amplification in the final judgment we shall expect in the second volume of the *Life*; I would have said that the defect of the English novel was its obsession with class conventions and moral conventions, and if Thackeray saw through them he was content just with doing that. It may be that in people as socially minded as the English are, there is nothing else to see after we have seen through ourselves. The curse upon the English novel has been English solidarity, the terror of having no neighbours lest we be obliged to face ourselves. The odd thing is that the French and Russians, who have written much better novels than ours, should envy us.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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# White-washing Crookback

**Richard III.** By PAUL MURRAY KENDALL. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

Richard III is an elusive character. We know much against him but little that we can entirely trust. Commynes regarded him as a monstrous tyrant: but may not Commynes have taken his views from the exiled Henry Tudor? Sir Thomas More and Polydore Vergil wrote of him with retrospective detestation: but did they not write under the triumphant Tudors? The Tudors, having erected their dynasty on his ruin, had a natural interest in blackening the last Yorkist king: it was not till they had ceased to reign that voices were raised in defence of Richard III. By then it was too late: Shakespeare had written. The public character of Richard III had been set, as immutably as that of Hamlet or Iago; he was a "poisonous bunch-backed toad," the type of deliberate, machiavellian, scientific villainy.

Obviously we cannot accept this picture. We know that in the North, the seat of his personal power, Richard was "entirely beloved," even after his defeat and death. There, as Bacon afterwards wrote, his memory "laid like lees at the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessels were once stirred, it would rise." Even if the Tudor tradition contains some truth, was Richard much worse than his rivals? Henry IV, Edward IV, Henry VII all, like him, achieved power by usurpation, violence and murder. May it not be that Richard's chief fault was his failure to last, and so live down the common origin of kingship, whether Lancastrian, Yorkist or Tudor? But for the issue of Bosworth, might he not have proved as useful a king as Henry VII?

So we may speculate—unplausibly, I think: for Richard, with his lavish grants to unreliable magnates is very unlike the prudent Henry Tudor. Nor are the Tudor writers necessarily to be disbelieved simply because their words were convenient to the new dynasty. After all they wrote for a public which could remember the facts, and under a dynasty which was no longer either precarious or vindictive: years before More or Polydore Vergil wrote, Henry VII had raised to his defeated predecessor a monument and an alabaster effigy. Richard III may not have been much worse than his rivals; but it is difficult to believe that he was any better.

Professor Kendall, however, will have no such timid reservations. To him (a professor not of history but literature) Richard is a hero, a solitary good and great man in a naughty age, the victim of malevolent slander by such Tudor hacks as Sir Thomas More and such muddled historians as James Gairdner. My only objection to this engaging hypothesis (apart from my deep respect for both More and Gairdner) is that it nowhere rests on any positive evidence. It is simply presupposed, and the history of Richard's life is then re-arranged around this central but quite unsubstantiated presupposition. Do Richard's northern clients praise their powerful patron? Then this is evidence of his virtue. Do rival magnates fail to echo this praise? Ungrateful wretches! On the other hand any praise of Lancastrians or Tudors, or criticism of Richard, has base, interested motives and can be disregarded. So the complexities of fifteenth-century society are reduced to terms of private virtue and vice: the virtue of Richard III, the vice of his numerous enemies. This may be an antidote to Shakespeare. It is not history. For history I prefer the admirable work of Gairdner at which Professor Kendall so impertinently sneers, even while he rifles it.

Of course the Professor has some awkward hurdles to negotiate. Those little Princes for instance . . . did Richard murder them or not? Professor Kendall is undaunted by this little difficulty. The little Princes clearly bore him. They were, he explains, insensitive to their good uncle's charm: graceless wretches, they must have taken after their mother. Therefore no tears are wasted on them. But what happened to them? Oh, they just disappeared. No doubt someone did them in—possibly the Duke of Buckingham—see Appendix I . . . And so the hurdle is past and we are in the open again, following our unsullied royal pilgrim through the wicked world to the Greek tragedy of Bosworth Field.

And yet, can we really dispose of the Little Princes so easily? What would Richard III have been if they had not been liquidated? We should never have heard of him. Clearly we cannot skip this hurdle. So we turn to Appendix I and study the evidence. And what do we find? Even if we ignore Sir Thomas More's circumstantial account (dismissed by the Professor as "vivid imagination" and an "outworn yarn"), there are still strong reasons for believing, and no reasons for disbelieving, that Richard murdered his nephews to secure the crown. The Princes were murdered soon after July 1483 and their fate was so effectively concealed that even on Richard's death it could not be discovered. Now there was only one man who, at the time of their death, had at once an interest in it, the authority to procure it, and the power to conceal it. That man was Richard III, who was openly accused of it at the time, but did nothing to refute the accusation. And anyway, why should we reject More's account as an "outworn yarn"? It is documented and credible, and it was confirmed 150 years later when the skeletons of the Princes were found, buried, just as he had said that they were, in the Tower, "at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones." Why should we ignore both evidence and probability and judge Richard's character as if the Princes had conveniently evaporated in the night?

Indeed, why should we whitewash Richard at all? Set out all the facts learnedly and at length; put the most favourable construction on them; dismiss as hostile propaganda all extant opinions and imagine instead the character of a very perfect, gentle knight; extenuate, as an exceptional "breach" of this character, one illegal execution; slide over a few others; by-pass the inconvenient Princes; ignore the plain fact that at the end, Richard was deserted by those of his accomplices whom he had not previously slaughtered; and even so, what is he but a great baron who, from his private empire in the North, usurped the crown and then, having cut down all rivals but one, was himself cut down? The fifteenth century bred such men. Some of them can still interest us. Their record lives in perpendicular churches, great colleges, noble libraries, exquisite tombs—the by-products of their monstrous lives. But to describe any of them—and especially Richard III—as a good man is absurd. Only one of them, Henry VI, has any claims to goodness. He was so good that he was nearly made a saint. But he did not seize the crown, he lost it; he did not murder, he was murdered; and he was mad.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

# The Eye and the Hand

**Moon's Farm and Other Poems.** By HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Early Light: Collected Poems.** By DOROTHY WELLESLEY. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

**Song at the Year's Turning.** By R. S. THOMAS. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Herbert Read's great gifts as a poet are for a naked precision of imagery and a wavering precision of rhythm. He does not, on the whole, aim at dramatic concentrations of language. Where his lines do seem packed, it is with implied rather than stated meanings:

> The herons
> have left the busy vale
> Heraclitus in his white robe
> has passed us unobserved. . . .

There, we feel that something profound has been implied, at a level beyond abstraction, about the nature of time. But contrast this passage, where everything is explicit:

> It is when we look into the abyss of nothingness
> infinite nothingness
> that we lose courage
> and die swearing
> or die praying.

"The abyss of nothingness" is a threadbare phrase; "lose courage" is a flat phrase, and yet there is no sign that Sir Herbert is intending to dramatise the flatness, or use it ironically. We feel that the idea is more distinguished than its embodiment; and yet the dialogue poem, "Moon's Farm," from which these lines come, is certainly one of Sir Herbert's most notable achievements. It is a conversation, at the approach of death (or "on the way home") between a man's soul, his roots, and his ideal limits (the latter two voices personified respectively as an old woman and an old man). The two externalised voices might, with another poet, have been very frightening—the Hag and the Justiciar. But this is the internal dialogue of a soul that, giving every impulse play, has found æsthetic harmony; its projections are benign. It is touching, also, that the image of "perfect form" which the homing soul longs for should in the end turn out to be something "childish, but very natural," the painted small bird on a farm-house kitchen clock. If only, though, Sir Herbert did not distrust "rhetoric" so much, and were not so afraid of "writing it up"!

Yet, reading Dorothy Wellesley's *Collected Poems*, one sees very clearly where the Imagists got their distrust of rhetoric from; for, with a basic vision of life not at all unlike Sir Herbert's, Dorothy Wellesley is as likely to spoil an idea by overlaying it with ornament as Sir Herbert is likely to spoil it by not embodying it substantially enough. She can use language with beautiful precision, as in the famous line about the wild grey asses—

> With stripe from head to tail, and moderate ears.

This precision, however, is accompanied by a passion for accumulating details, so that the broad shape of a poem often gets lost; by a taste for the easier emotive words, like "lovely" and "beautiful"; and occasionally by eccentricity or clumsiness. Here are two lines about a Pharaoh in his mummy-case:

> Yet beautiful he seems
> Folded so natty and in bed cloth laid. . . .

"Folded so natty" ought perhaps to give one the same pleasurable shock as "moderate ears"; but I find it merely embarrasses me. Yet here is a stanza by Dorothy Wellesley which has all the faults to which I have been referring but is somehow transformed by a loving vision:

> And the stag, the doe,
> —Delicate is she, small—
> The deer, the dappled ones are they,
> Bearing sealed upon them wherever they go
> Dapple maternal, motherly inlaid,
> Seals eternal: sunlight and shade.
> So untroubling they nest in the forest,
> Latent lie in the glade,
> Most beautiful of all.

There is true distinction in this volume, even though it is often flawed distinction.

Mr. Thomas's vision of life is narrower than Sir Herbert's or Dorothy Wellesley's; but his hand is more in with his eye. He is a Welsh hill parson, unsentimentally at home with a bleak landscape and a difficult flock. His poems, rarely brightly coloured, are full of tangs and depths for which readers will go back to them. I have left myself little space to expatiate on his merits, but let me quote a grimly beautiful anti-pastoral stanza:

> Too far for you to see
> The fluke and the foot-rot and the fat maggot
> Gnawing the skin from the small bones,
> The sheep are grazing at Bwlch-y-Fedwen,
> Arranged romantically in the usual manner
> On a bleak background of bald stone—

and let me advise anybody who cares for good poetry, whether or not it is "in the movement," to buy Mr. Thomas's book.

G. S. FRASER

# Dead and Alive

**Yesterday.** By J. W. SCOBELL ARMSTRONG. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

**Doctor in the Whips' Room.** By SIR HENRY MORRIS-JONES. *Hale.* 18*s.*

**Lift the Curtain.** By DOROTHY ERSKINE MUIR. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Autobiography approaches greatness in so far as it is informed by passion. The most trivial recollections come to life when they are inspired by zest, and for these two qualities there is no satisfactory substitute. This simple truth is well illustrated in the books under review. A chasm yawns between the first two and the third—the inexorable gulf that separates the quick from the dead.

Had Sir Henry Morris-Jones, a doctor turned professional politician, or Judge Scobell Armstrong, a County Court Judge, ever been passionately preoccupied by something as innocently absorbing as wild flowers or old armour, their books might have been worthier reflections of two indubitably able and admirable men. In fact, neither appears to have been overwhelmingly interested in anything. They have in common a rather wistful inclination for the world of the great, but their encounters as they skirted its fringes were scarcely rewarding. Lord Sumner once spoke kindly to Mr. Scobell Armstrong in the Tube and Lord Buckmaster was once cross with him at breakfast. When he attended a Cinque Cento Ball at Palazzo Vecchio he

> took several partners past Queen Margherita to make their curtseys and hoped that she might perhaps recognise the young Englishman who had so often made his bow to her in the Borghese Gardens.

He was disappointed but found consolation in overhearing King Umberto ask an English midshipman "*Comment trouvez vous d'Italie*" and hearing the boy reply "*Tray jolly.*"

During the First World War he was the means of releasing Hilaire Belloc from a lavatory in which he had inadvertently been locked in the Postal Censorship. Alas . . . Belloc emerged

> ruffled both in appearance and in temper and seemed to regard us not as his rescuers but as responsible for his captivity. He was unable to summon up sufficient courtesy to thank us for the trouble we had taken. I have often wished that I had had the privilege of meeting him on some happier occasion.

Sir Henry Morris-Jones seems to have been more fortunate—or more easily pleased. He

> found Lloyd George's conversation sparkling, vivacious and knowledgeable. Once whilst sitting with him at the same table at tea in Caernarvon with the present Queen Mother I saw this put to the test. The Queen asked Mr. Lloyd George what 'bara-brith' meant. He described how this fruit loaf, much favoured in the Principality, was made; how the dough was first mixed with currants, raisins, orange peel and other dried fruits and spices and the process of its baking.

His pages abound in equally enriching anecdotes. Every book has its billet and these were predestined for the bamboo bookshelves of seaside hotels in unfashionable resorts.

Mrs. Muir is, roughly speaking, a contemporary of the Judge and the Doctor and her life in its externals has not been dissimilar with theirs; yet her story is the fruit of so different a spirit, marked by so different an emphasis, that it seems to belong to another world. Her father was Bishop Sheepshanks, a Gladstonian Liberal and High Church ascetic, and she grew up in the Palace at Norwich at the tail-end of a large family whose ways were regulated by the principle of "Can I do without it?" rather than "Do I want it?" Her elder brother and sisters were blunt, caustic, confident and vital and already on their way to Firsts and Blues, marriages, nunneries and successes in India or the Argentine. She and her brother William, gentle, delicate and diffident, and separated from the rest by age and disposition, took refuge in a world of their own whose centre was a house-on-stilts in an orchard of perpetual sunshine and tall grass. Their devotion to each other surviving the divergences of school-days triumphantly bridged the gap that divided Somerville and New College in 1910, and coming down together to work in London they recaptured the serenity of their childhood retreat in a tiny £40-a-year house in Well Walk, Hampstead.

> I picked some white Japanese anemones and filled a green jar, and when I stood it in our sitting-room and we gazed at each other across the fire we had lit, we felt life could offer us nothing more perfect. . . . We seemed to be living in a golden age.

Like every golden age it was bound to end in tragedy. What life had in store for William a couple of years later was a shell on the Yser Canal which also put an end to his sister's first experience of life as a harmony.

The stuff of Mrs. Muir's memories is simple, quaint, humble and commonplace, her stage properties as unpretentious as the furniture in her


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first Hampstead sitting-room. The great entered her private world as unobtrusively and as agreeably as Lord Kitchener visited Winchester:

> When Lord Kitchener visited the College the only sign of animation or interest he showed was when his eye lit on William's pigs (pottery pigs, mottled and streaked and spotted in all shades of purple, red and blue on a buff background . . . won as prizes at coconut shies). "Those are nice," he said.

Perhaps, in Lord Kitchener's eyes, those homely objects were bathed in the same radiant light of innocence and plain old-fashioned goodness that illuminates Mrs. Muir's recollections.

W. H. HUGHES

## Cousinhood

**Uncommon People** By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

It is perhaps inevitable that half-way through the century of the common man, increasing attention should be paid to "uncommon people" and that complexes of genes should loom larger than nests of privilege. A hundred years ago there were so few common people in power that there was a short but energetic popular attack on the whole existence of aristocratic cousinhoods, but, as Mr. Bloomfield shows, at that very moment, new non-aristocratic cousinhoods were beginning to establish their position. The "uncommon families" of England were never exclusive social castes, and they were always prepared to admit new blood and to tolerate the emergence of new recruits to the elite, such as the Wedgwoods and the Stephens. For these and other reasons the power of "connection" in this country has survived the growth of new and potentially subversive forces, like the rise of mass parties and the development of the Welfare State. There are fewer assaults on cousinhood today than there were in the radical heyday of Cobden and Bright.

Mr. Bloomfield unbares the history of five uncommon families—the Villiers connection, the Barclays, the Wedgwoods, the Stephens, and the Cecils—in a mood of arch curiosity rather than piety. He likes elites and wishes there were more of them, but he is prepared to take the rough with the smooth and to talk more of *virtu* than blood. His curiosity has led him into many interesting corners which more orthodox historians have left unexplored, and on two of the families he is particularly illuminating. Sir George Villiers, squire of Brooksby in the reign of Elizabeth I, was "a sire in a million." Sir Winston Churchill, one of twelve Prime Ministers descended from him, has remarked that his descendants include "some of the greatest and wickedest men in our history." He does not exaggerate, and they also include many women of influence and ability, from Charles II's mistress Barbara Villiers (an ancestor of Sir Anthony Eden) to the present Queen.

The Barclay family had a Quaker origin which seemed set against hierarchy and inequality, but it accomplished by conscience what the Villiers connection achieved by push. Robert Barclay, who went to prison several times for his religious beliefs, "bred from his loins a host of disciples," including the Buxtons, Gurneys, Lubbocks and Hoares. If the Villiers connection has provided twentieth-century Labour politics with Lords Pakenham and Listowel, the Barclays have provided the Conservative Party with Lord Templewood. Mr. Bloomfield devotes perhaps the most interesting pages of his book to the ramifications of the Barclay counter-elite, which in time became very much a part of Britain's establishment.

Although there can be no two differences of opinion about the value and industry of Mr. Bloomfield's researches, there will be considerable difference of opinion about their significance. Many readers not unduly endowed with a "jacobinical animus against established success" will feel a little claustrophobic by the end of Chapter XV. Others, goaded by the author's much too discursive asides, will be stirred by Radical passion, and will feel that his concessions to what he calls the twentieth-century *Zeitgeist* somehow make the whole theme more and not less appealing. It will come as a relief rather than an anachronism to know that Charlie Chaplin gets 23 lines in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to the (Barclay) Thomas Fowell Buxton's 20. Nonetheless, irritation and curiosity apart, Mr. Bloomfield has directed attention to a neglected element in English social history, one which Noel Annan discussed without any dubious trimmings in his recent essay on the nineteenth-century intelligentsia—the place of family connection in the "continuity" of English history. Pictures of English society without the cousinhoods put in are as misleading as pictures of English social history with the politics left out.

ASA BRIGGS

*The Political Quarterly* : *Special Number*

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## PHILOSOPHY

*The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy*

*Edited by Sidney E. Hooper*

*Vol. XXXI, No. 116* *January, 1956*

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## A Tax for Misers?

**An Expenditure Tax.** By NICHOLAS KALDOR. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Mr. Kaldor's mind was closely directed to fiscal problems by his membership of the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Profits and Income. As an immediate result of that work he produced (with two co-signatories) a minority report which is much the most penetrating recent analysis of the British tax system. As an indirect result he has written this plea for the replacement of the surtax by a new expenditure tax, to be calculated not upon the traditional Inland Revenue definition of a man's income, but upon the basis of his consumption. If Mr. Kaldor's proposals are administratively practical (and he produces some persuasive arguments to suggest that they are) their importance cannot easily be exaggerated. They offer us a new instrument for social change of great precision and force.

Mr. Kaldor's starting point is his belief that the current definition of income is hopelessly inadequate when applied to those who possess large stores of capital. Straightforward capital gains, the calculated depletion of capital, the manipulation of share holdings so that dividends accrue in the form of non-taxable capital distributions, and a variety of other methods combine to make the present system a paradise for the tax avoider. The most reasonable definition of income as consumption plus savings diverges in these cases from the Inland Revenue definition by a margin so wide as to be ludicrous. As a result, in Mr. Kaldor's view, words which were applied to the American tax system of 1938 have now become fully applicable to the British system. "The whole procedure," it was then said,

> involves a subtle kind of moral and political dishonesty. One senses here a grand scheme of deception whereby enormous surtaxes are voted in exchange for promises that they will not be made effective. Thus the politicians may point with pride to the rates, while quietly reminding their wealthy constituents of the loopholes.

To correct this position it would of course be possible to attempt a new and wider definition of income. Mr. Kaldor prefers, however, on grounds of simplicity, fairness and encouragements for savings, to switch the basis of assessment to expenditure. An important aspect of the argument about simplicity relates to capital gains. One of the difficulties of a capital gains tax, particularly if the rates are to be heavy, is to decide what is a true gain and what is merely a paper gain, leaving the beneficiary no better off. Mr. Kaldor's scheme neatly switches the onus of decision to the taxpayer. If he decides that the gain is a real one and allows it to be reflected in his standard of living, he will be taxed upon it. If he decides that it is not, and refrains from increased consumption, he will escape. But what, it may be asked, about the real gain which is not spent? What about the rich man who is already saving a large part of his income? Will there not be immunity in the first case and a much easier tax position in the second? Is the accumulation of wealth in a few hands not likely to be assisted?

The answer to the penultimate question is yes. The expenditure tax would be an excellent tax for misers. But misers, Mr. Kaldor thinks, are very rare amongst the rich today. A far more typical figure is the man who is spending well above his income; and such a man would find the new tax a heavy burden. In any event the accumulation even of the miser could be restricted to his own lifetime. The expenditure tax could be combined with whatever level of death duties was thought appropriate. Furthermore, the existence of the new tax would do away with the present danger that any further increase in death duties might start an avalanche of untaxed capital spending.

Mr. Kaldor is anxious, however, that the new burdens he proposes should not be too heavy. In what he calls his "concluding plea for moderation" he argues for a rate of progression for his new tax much less steep than the existing nominal rates for the surtax. These, expressed from the expenditure rather than the income point of view, reach a maximum marginal rate of 1,000 per cent.—that is to say that £10 of surtax should be paid (as well as a nearly equivalent amount of income tax) before an additional £1 should become available for spending. Mr. Kaldor thinks the maximum figure for his tax should be 300 per cent. Because it would fall upon all resources becoming available for spending (within what is roughly the present surtax range) and not merely upon the Revenue concept of "income," it would bring, at these lower rates, at least an equivalent amount of revenue and would be a far fairer and more effective weapon of social policy.

Mr. Kaldor's proposals raise many other problems—some of which he answers and some of which could only be resolved with experience; this is not surprising, for they amount to the most important and exciting plan for fiscal change which we have had for many years.

ROY JENKINS

# Shorter Reviews

**The Age of Extravagance.** Edited by MARY ELISABETH EDES and DUDLEY FRASIER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

For inveterate readers anthologies are thwarting fare. They titillate and frustrate at one and the same time. Brunch reading matter on the whole, though they may be, to give the literate illiterate a staple diet, occasionally a collection does thrust to life with a distinctive flavour of its own. So with the sub-titled "An Edwardian Reader." The atmosphere is rich and plummy, the port wine lingers heavily around many of the pieces, and even Sir Harold Nicolson's sour-tempered "The Edwardian Week-end," an exposé in which England's eternal rain is made to play a biased and villainous role in downing the Edwardians, can be attributed to indigestion: a surfeit of ptarmigan, no doubt.

Happier altogether is the episode from Sir Osbert Sitwell's memoirs in which Sir Osbert's bewitching father decides that a coming-out party must be given for Edith. But the guests when they arrive are aged beyond belief to the heartless Sitwell children, the major-domo succumbs to fits of giddiness and has to clutch the rosepoles for support, and if anything is not quite right, why, it is Edith's fault. Elsewhere other less familiar pieces carry themselves admirably; Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis on the nerve-racked pleasure of ordering the "right" dinner at the Carlton; Charles Brookfield's Monte Carlo where—how agreeable it sounds!—"money is public property"; and Dorothy Brett's delightful reminiscences of Edward VII's coronation. The fiction extracts do not cream as smoothly into the confection as the editors had, in all probability, planned. They lack the exotic and outlandish touch that induces credibility in the facts of Edwardian life. Not so the photographs, which display perfectly the prosperous leisure of the period. M. C.

**Songs of Innocence and of Experience.** THE TRIANON PRESS, for the WILLIAM BLAKE TRUST. *Faber.* 24*gns.*

Perfection is a standard rarely aimed at, still less often attained, in this present age that in all things must sacrifice quality to quantity. The William Blake Trust has set itself that unfashionable standard, and for the third time (the first was a facsimile edition of the Stirling copy of *Jerusalem*, the second an early copy of *Songs of Innocence*) they have produced a book that it would be difficult to distinguish from an original copy. The elaborate process of reproduction, by means of stencils, gives what is virtually a hand-painted copy of each of the fifty-two pages, with their rich colours and gold paint that Blake applied with such loving delight. Blake, a craftsman himself, would have welcomed the technical invention that has made possible one of his own aims—to perfect a means of reproducing those pages of his works in which the poet, the artist and the engraver have combined to create books of a beauty unequalled since the Middle Ages. We can only regret that the melodies to which Blake sang these same poems in Mrs. Mathew's drawing-room were never noted down, to record perhaps the only modern imaginative creation that was expressed simultaneously in the three arts of music, painting and poetry—"man's three ways of conversing with paradise."

In 1826 Crabb Robinson, the first owner of the copy here reproduced, paid Blake five guineas for the work. As compared with earlier copies, it is ornate. How much loving labour the artist devoted to each glowing page it is easy to see. There is no less vitality in the minute figures, scarcely larger than the emmet, the fly and the grain of sand that for Blake are the recurring symbols of the eternal and unbounded, than there could ever be in those mural sculptures a hundred feet high that he saw in his visions, and would perhaps have liked to realise. The eighteenth century—one thinks of Swift's Lilliputians, and Gray's brief-lived midges—used images of smallness to express the littleness of man in the vast Newtonian universe. Blake reversed this moral; and no artist has ever succeeded, as he has done, in expressing the infinite in the minute. His angels dance on the traditional needle-point that illustrates an eter-


# Who publishes the best books?

The season of choosing The Best This and The Favourite That of the past year is nearly over. Nobody has tried to choose The Best Publisher of 1955, and perhaps it is just as well. On Christmas Day, however, *The Observer* printed the "Book Choice of 1955" by a group of its regular contributors. *Observer* readers interested in statistics may have noticed that Heinemann published twice as many of the titles mentioned as any other publisher.

THE REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

*The Observer's* regular contributors were particularly enthusiastic about RICHARD CHURCH's *Over the Bridge;* Sir Harold Nicolson, Edward Crankshaw and Victoria Sackville-West all put it first. Sir Harold Nicolson, who mentioned only three books, also included JAMES L. CLIFFORD's *Young Samuel Johnson.* Hugh Massingham preferred GRAHAM GREENE's *The Quiet American;* Ivor Brown favoured *Journey down a Rainbow* by J. B. PRIESTLEY and JACQUETTA HAWKES.

THE EMINENT CONTEMPORARIES

*The Sunday Times* gave the job to some eminent contemporaries. Readers of the *Sunday Times* who like arithmetic may have observed that Heinemann books numbered more than half as many again as those from any other publisher. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and Rose Macaulay shared the view of The Regular Contributors about *Over the Bridge.* First choices were *Young Samuel Johnson* (the Archbishop of Canterbury) and *Boswell on the Grand Tour* (Graham Greene). Lord David Cecil mentioned *The Acceptance World* by ANTHONY POWELL; and W. Somerset Maugham, preferring an old book to a new one, was enthusiastic about *The Letters of Pliny the Younger,* published in the Loeb Classical Library.

BOOKS AND WRITERS TO REMEMBER

Regular contributors to *The Observer* and eminent contemporaries have in common a considerable weight of opinion. Although their preferences may not prove who publishes the best books, they do show that a good proportion of the most memorable books of 1955 came from one house. This is by no means a matter of chance. From the time he founded the firm in 1892 until his death in 1920, William Heinemann published much that is best in English literature; JOSEPH CONRAD, HENRY JAMES, GEORGE MOORE, R. L. STEVENSON, H. G. WELLS, JOHN GALSWORTHY and D. H. LAWRENCE were all on his list. Living writers who dealt with Heinemann himself include JOHN MASEFIELD, MAX BEERBOHM and W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. J. B. PRIESTLEY and GRAHAM GREENE are among those whose work first appeared over the Heinemann imprint in the 1930s. Great reputations tend to grow slowly, but there are many more names in the list which are well on the way to equal eminence, and this in every sphere of writing. Today, for example, R. T. MCKENZIE and FRED HOYLE are to be found in the vanguard of current thought.

THE VALUE OF AN IMPRINT

Nobody can say who publishes the best books, or who is the best publisher; the most we can be sure of is that high standards in publishing are sure to give the perceptive reader confidence in an imprint and in the writers whose names appear over it. A title-page which bears the name of an author well known for first-class work is itself a guarantee. If a publisher has many such authors on his list, his imprint naturally becomes an effective recommendation for a writer who may not yet have made his name. *The Sunday Times, The Observer* and 64 years of sound publishing combine to prove that the few publishers of whom this can be said include—

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nity not subject to dimensions of space, everywhere and nowhere. The small pages of the *Songs*, the even smaller engravings of his Virgil's Pastorals, contain all the energy, invention and vision of his great genius. The Blake Trust facsimiles are likely to become the treasures of libraries that cannot hope to possess any of the few copies of Blake's original work that remain in existence.

K. J. R.

**I Looked for Adam.** By HERBERT WENDT. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*

Since the extraordinary success of *Gods, Graves and Scholars*, books on archaeological discovery have been jostling at one another's dust jackets. The present example is translated from the German and profusely if erratically illustrated. It attempts to combine an account of prehistorical speculation and research with a coherent summary of their results. This is always difficult to do successfully, for discoveries are seldom made in logical order, and either the history of man or the history of archaeology is likely to fall into confusion. In the earlier parts of his book, where the material is manageable, Mr. Wendt is able to give an interesting and often amusing picture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth-century savants and their great battles over first principles. There are stories from Germany that are agreeably unfamiliar, and an entertaining description of the long-drawn struggle between the Catastrophists and those who, in one way or another, believed in the mutability of species. These chapters make it evident that if experts can sometimes be accused of credulity in their acceptance of frauds, their record for refusing to accept genuine discoveries is even more remarkable.

When he brings the story down to more recent times where sources multiply, Mr. Wendt steps out of his depth. The last section of *I Looked for Adam* recalls a geological detritus bed in which matter from many different horizons is thrown together pell-mell. It is full of contradictions and mistakes and fails to summarise the present state of knowledge at all correctly. Even although they contain a few good things, these final chapters are probably better left unread.

J. H.

**One Front Across the World.** By DOUGLAS HYDE. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

This pious and well-meaning book is the account of a tour of Catholic missions in the Far East made by the ex-news editor of the *Daily Worker*. As such, it is of interest only to students of Catholic *incunabula*, but Mr. Hyde has placed it in its cold war setting by adding a long introductory chapter in which he contends that the Church provides the only effective force against Communism in Asia (other Christian groups, he says, have produced inferior results, despite the larger funds at their disposal). As an important shop-window convert, Mr. Hyde was well looked after by his new friends. Wherever he stopped, from Calcutta to Pusan, he was immediately surrounded by priests and nuns ("Pleased to meet you, Father O'Connor"), and regaled with the latest baptismal statistics, anti-Communist hagiography and convent gossip. Even his visit to the Yoshiwara district of Tokyo, which houses 10,000 prostitutes, had an ecclesiastical flavour: the chaste hour of noon was chosen, the driver of the car was a priest, and the Almighty caused it to pour with rain. His comments, therefore ("the little world of Yoshiwara, so remote from our own, gave me an insight into the peculiarly difficult job which faces the missionary in amoral Japan"), are scarcely calculated to shock the most sensitive readers of the *Catholic Herald*.

Mr. Hyde was edified by his trip, but his conclusions, I imagine, will not prove very helpful to the strategists of the Pentagon. Catholicism has never grown roots in Asia, and in conflict with Communism it has usually provided the West with embarrassing or treacherous allies. In Indo-China, for instance, the Catholics of the Tonkin Delta were among Ho Chi-Minh's most passionate supporters. Of course it is easy to persuade starving Korean refugees to submit to baptism; but the regimes of Mr. Syngman Rhee and his imitators cannot be sustained by decades of the Rosary. Finally, eighteen shillings seems a lot to pay for 270 pages of Mr. Hyde's rather scruffy prose; for the same sum one could light 72 candles for Mr. Rhee's Intentions.

P. J.

**The Flowers of Evil.** By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. A Bilingual Edition selected and edited by MARTHIEL and JACKSON MATHEWS. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews offer chaos to Baudelaire's admirers at thirty-five shillings a head. Their edition of *Les Fleurs Du Mal* includes the work of thirty translators, among them Roy Campbell, James Elroy Flecker, Aldous Huxley, Edna St. Vincent Millay, T. Sturge Moore, Karl Shapiro, Allen Tate, and Richard Wilbur. The editors have assumed that the weight of these names will assure the book's value. They have also assumed that the reader's first interest will be to compare the tone of different translations. Baudelaire's own version of his poetry is banished in a lump to the back of the volume, which hinders serious textual comparison.

Thus, the mansion of genius has been sublet to a host of incompatible tenants. The first person singular is rendered meaningless, as the fine Baudelairian ego is splintered through the prism of myriad consciousnesses. The hysterical femininity of Miss Millay's "I am" cannot be reconciled with F. P. Sturm's rational "I do." Reading from poem to poem, one loses all sense of metrical sanity, as George Dillon's pedantic pentameter "accurst/Be thou! Oh, be thou damned to hell . . ." gives way to Lewis Piaget Shanks's excited jog-trot "His mirth is sunny, vast and free,/A kindly spirit's testament!". After a point, it becomes barely possible to judge or enjoy Baudelaire or his translators, and the editors receive even more blame than they deserve. Result: a riot of injustice, as quite a few splendid verses—such as Richard Wilbur's *L'Albatros* and Allen Tate's *Une Charogne*—are obscured in their present context. Roy Campbell's translations are the best of all, and this particular volume does serve as a stimulus to buy his own complete edition of *Les Fleurs Du Mal*.

N. C. S.

**Counterfeit.** By SONIA COLE. *Murray.* 15*s.*

In the 200 pages at her disposal Miss Cole has no place for petty forgery. Her most entertaining and instructive book is limited to the grand frauds: those artistic, literary and archæological swindlers who have successfully bamboozled the experts. After a brief notice of the mischievous activities of "Ossian" Macpherson, Chatterton, John Ireland, Vrain Lucas, "Flint Jack" and others in earlier days, Miss Cole discusses at length the performance of the four great modern practitioners, Charles Dawson, Thomas J. Wise, Han van Meegeren and Lothar Malskat.

Dr. Weiner's *The Piltdown Forgery*, published earlier this year, has forestalled Miss Cole to some extent where Dawson is concerned, but one must thank her for a lucid description of the complicated scientific tests to which the bogus bones were subjected. Being an archæologist herself, she is perhaps too kind to her credulous colleagues who originally swallowed the skull. Admittedly, until fluorine content and radio-active carbon could be computed the age of the fossils could not be determined. But no one cocked a dubious eye at the site where they were supposed to have been maturing for half a million years. Apparently the Piltdown gravel is so decalcified that it could not produce a genuine fossil if it wanted to.

T. J. Wise's fraudulent "first editions" and Van Meegeren's fake Vermeers were also eventually detected by the test tube and the microscope; and Miss Cole explains in detail the processes employed. In the case of Wise she adds to the well-known story an interesting discovery of her own. How far Sir Edmund Gosse was involved in the "first edition" racket has hitherto been a mystery. But Kipling had had a "first edition" wished on him in 1899 by Wise which he must have known was spurious but which he never openly disowned. In 1932 he published a short story about a literary forger and his accomplice. The protagonists resemble Wise and Gosse so closely that, as Miss Cole plausibly suggests, Kipling may well have been taking a sardonic revenge on them.

The affair of the Lübeck murals is very recent history and no full account of it has previously appeared in English.

R. P.

A Welsh Coxswain

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# City Lights

## What the Stars Foretell

SOME gesture is due to a change of year. Grave journals linger, too discursively for spare-time readers, on the details of the year that has disappeared. Others, in their zest to be on with the new, dismiss the old a trifle brusquely—particularly those whose tireless sprightliness is designed to stimulate the natural appetite for tax-free capital gains. Every City columnist feels bound to produce his own selection of desirable shares for the year ahead, securely aware that in a year's time his readers will again be more interested in the future than in the past. Every year the market bites. This market is a strange monster, with parts and motives confused and indistinguishable as the colours in a child's paint-box, but its instinctive longing to inaugurate a new era with ceremonial cheerfulness receives priestly sanction when a week-end New Year gives the week-end columnists their chance.

And so stock markets have been cheerful—though it is only honest to add that they have been firm, in a quiet sort of way, for the past week or two. Apart from renewed institutional investment buying, the climate of opinion is a little easier. Forecasts from the U.S. have been patchily confident, and at home for the moment the prophets have prophesied themselves out.

The City news has been pretty small stuff; even the Union-Castle dispute has been composed peaceably. Most of the economic news can be discounted from the market point of view: it still relates to 1955. The first of the 1956 news, as expected, is of wage claims—in particular, of the engineers' demand for a 15 per cent increase. One can sense delicious little inflationary shudders in Throgmorton Street. Variations on the same theme appear in the nine-months Exchequer returns—which suggest more strongly than ever a much larger surplus than was budgeted for in April—and in the 4½ per cent increase in the price of aluminium. The decision taken by various manufacturers of concrete roofing-tiles and stock bricks to follow the cement makers in stabilising prices for six months is little more than a flake towards the hoped-for snowball.

* * *

However redolent of the old year, the record of company profits in 1955 is too impressive to be passed over. Full figures must wait on next autumn's blue book. In the meantime, as trade unions have learned, a good deal can be gathered from the monthly analysis of company reports published by the *Financial Times*. The point to bear in mind is that these reports refer to trading experience in the previous company year, and appear on average three months after its end.

The 3,000 reports analysed in 1955 show a 12 per cent increase in trading profits. By quarters, however, the rate of increase has been slackening, from 14 per cent in April-June to only 9 per cent in October-December; profit margins, presumably, began to feel the pinch in the autumn of 1954. Equity earnings—net profits available for distribution as Ordinary dividends—rose much more sharply, by 28 per cent, as a result of the end of EPL, a lower income-tax, and the introduction of the investment allowance. The amount paid out in dividends rose by 22 per cent, or about £200m. The increase on earnings and dividends alike has followed the pattern of the profits increase, tailing off as the year elapsed.

It is worth stressing the fact that dividends rose less rapidly than earnings. The proportion of earnings distributed fell over the year from 39 to 36 per cent—largely, no doubt, as a result of the differential profits tax and the need for investment finance. The effect, particularly in a year of dear money, is to re-emphasise a post-war distortion of the capital market. Dividend yields and dividend cover have risen together; earnings yields, the product of the two, have risen more still, and many blue-chips yield as much as 20 per cent. It would take too much space and demand too much patience to trace the devious consequences of this situation, but one can be stated simply. A company coming to borrow in the market must offer terms at least as attractive as those prevailing; it must therefore reckon on its new capital earning more than the prevailing level of market yields. This inevitably discourages small and growing companies from raising funds in the market and strengthens the position of established companies which can use internal funds for expansion. More seriously, it means that in the long run profit margins must rise with the level of market yields. Until now, the long-term effect has not been serious, since margins have been swollen in any case by the full use of existing capacity. It will be interesting to observe what happens in 1956, with little spare capacity remaining, with the credit squeeze forcing the raising of fresh capital in the market, and with considerable pressure on profit margins at the same time.

* * *

The steelmakers have responded quickly to the movement of opinion. United Steel followed its predecessors just before Christmas with the report of a 36 per cent increase in trading profits and a dividend raised from 10 to 12½ per cent. To open the New Year, the British Iron and Steel Federation's annual review pointed out that if demand rises over the next seven years as it has risen over the last seven, and if imports are to be avoided, domestic capacity will have to be increased by 8½m. tons, or 40 per cent. This expansion—which would cost some £80-£100m a year at current prices—is at present the subject of "close investigation."

TAURUS

# Week-end Competition

## No. 1,350

**Set by Vivian Gray**

The following eminent persons have been invited by Sunday newspapers, at the appropriate dates, to nominate their choice of "Books Of The Past Few Years": Ben Jonson, Milton, Lord Chesterfield, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Rogers, the Duke of Wellington, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold, Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Jowett, General Booth. Competitors are asked to supply such a list of at least three books, and comments, for any one of these V.I.P.s in not more than 150 words; entries by January 17.

## Result of No. 1,347

**Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a translation into English verse of Verlaine's *Bruxelles:*

La fuite est verdâtre et rose
Des collines et des rampes,
Dans un demi-jour de lampes
Qui vient brouiller toute chose.

L'or, sur les humbles ablmes,
Tout doucement s'ensanglante,
Des petits arbres sans cimes,
Où quelque oiseau faible chante.

Triste à peine tant s'effacent
Ces apparences d'automne,
Toutes mes langueurs rêvassent,
Que berce l'air monotone.

**Report**

Rather a disappointing entry, not in numbers, but in quality. Perhaps the Christmas festivities tended to make imaginations as well as livers torpid; perhaps Verlaine's compact verses, packed as they are with imagery, defy translation. In any event, although many competitors produced good lines, none seemed to me to show the sustained brilliance needed to turn a French poem into an English one.

Robert D. Kempner, of New York, began with an atrocious pun:

Green is the color that Brussels sprouts
Admixed with pink on hill and slope . . .

Nor was A. M. P.'s "modern" effort wholly

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satisfactory with its "soft-heard radio" in place of Verlaine's hidden bird. D. L. L. Clarke began better han he finished:

The roads that climb the hillsides fade
Faintly tricked out with green and pink;
Their outlines merge as street-lamps blink,
Blurred in a dim half-light, half-shade.

The problem which in the end confronted the setter of this competition was whether prizes should go to the more faithful, but stilted versions, or whether poetic feeling and smooth-running verse should outweigh inaccuracies in translation. (For instance, I cannot believe that "*l'air monotone*" refers to the bird's song.)

All I can suggest is that awards of a guinea each go to the authors of the versions printed below, and that the remainder of the prize-money is reserved for a future competition. Next in the running came Roy Harris, Rolfe Humphries, R. J. P. Hewison and Cecile M. Davies.

AUTUMN IN BRUSSELS

Now, in the lamp-light limbo seen,
No form abides, no features stay;
The hills and ridges melt away
In misty pink and muted green.

The sun-beams in the shallow hearts
Of little unaspiring trees
Turn slowly blood-red; a bird starts
Its faint and cheeping litanies.

Here is no sadness. Autumn seems
To pass so silently along,
Soothing my sick heart's troubled dreams
With indistinguishable song.

ALAN WESTLAKE

Tinted with green and with rose is
The lapse of embankment and hill,
And vaguer the scene becomes still
That the blur of the lamps discloses.

First gold and then red suffuses
Softly the depths of the town
Amongst crabbed little trees seeps down,
Where some pitiful bird enthuses.

Scarcely sad am I now, these traces
Of autumn appear so rare;
All idly bemused is my care,
Which the dull air embraces.

MARK CAMPBELL

The city's hills and slopes ascend
Into a haze of green and rose.
Lamplight and azure dusk enclose
A world where all things blur and blend.

Autumnal gold upon the trees
Burns slowly to a crimson glow:
The bird one hears but never sees
Pipes feebly in the boughs below.

And so ephemeral are these
Impressions of the dying year
That all my reverie's unease
Is lulled by that lone note I hear.

DOREEN BELL

In a haze of green and rose
Hill and stairway slip away
Through the blur the lamplight throws
On the gloom at close of day.

In the humble hollows where
Gold on stunted treetops falling
Gently fades to blood, I hear
Note of songbird faintly calling.

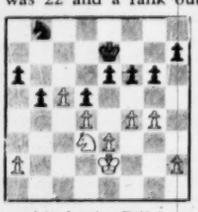
Yet is scarcely sad my mood,
These autumn visions fade so soon
And all my languid dreams can brood
Lulled by the breeze's monotone.

G. R. NICHOLSON

# The Chess Board

## No. 327 The First Conqueror of Hastings

I am not alluding to William but to Nelson; nor, of course, to Horatio Nelson, but to Harry Nelson Pillsbury, victor of the first and greatest of all Hastings tournaments, just over sixty years ago. I had meant to commemorate the 50th anniversary of his death next June, but it seems more fitting to remember the glorious start rather than the sad end of the mere ten years which encompassed one of the most brilliant careers in the history of Chess. At Hastings, Pillsbury was 22 and a rank outsider, practically unknown in Europe; and yet he triumphed over Lasker, the brand-new world champion and Steinitz, the ex-champion, as well as such keen claimants for the title as Tchigorin and Tarrasch and almost all the other greatest masters of the time. In the last round, with his competitors closely on his heels, Pillsbury had to win his game against old Gunsberg; for had he drawn it he would have had to share 1st and 2nd with Tchigorin; and had he lost it he would have shared 2nd and 3rd with Lasker. However, the young man was fully equal to the occasion, and as soon as he had established his passed P he proceeded to win the ending very neatly and speedily.

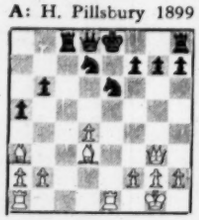


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (27) P-B5! | P-Kt4 | (34) K-K3 | P-Kt5 |
| (28) Kt-Kt4 | P-QR4 | (35) K x P | P-R5 |
| (29) P-B6! | K-Q3 | (36) K-Q4 | P-R4 |
| (30) P x P ! | Kt x P | (37) P x P | P-R6 |
| (31) Kt x Kt | K x Kt | (38) K-B4 | P-B4 |
| (32) P-K4 ! | P x P | (39) P-R6 | P-B5 |
| (33) P-Q5 ch | K-Q3 | (40) P-R7 | resigns |

Of the many brilliancies which Pillsbury produced in his innumerable blindfold performances here is one not as well known as it deserves to be. He played it along with eleven other blindfold games.

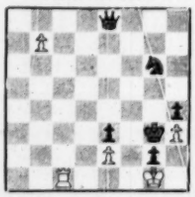
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) P-K4 | P-K4 | (12) B-B4 ch | K-Kt2 |
| (2) Kt-QB3 | Kt-QB3 | (13) 0-0 | B x QP |
| (3) P-B4 | P x P | (14) R-B7 ch | K-Kt3 |
| (4) Kt-B3 | P-KKt4 | (15) P-R5 ch | K x P |
| (5) P-KR4 | P-Kt5 | (16) R-Kt7 ! ! | Kt-K4 |
| (6) Kt-KKt5 | P-KR3 | (17) B x B | Kt-Kt3 |
| (7) Kt x P | K x Kt | (18) K-Kt2 | R-R2 |
| (8) P-Q4 | P-Q4 | (19) Q-R1 ch | Kt-R5 ch |
| (9) B x P | B-Kt2 | (20) Q x Kt ch | Q x Q |
| (10) B-K3 | B-B3 | (21) B-B7 mate | |
| (11) P-KKt3 | P x P | | |

**A:** H. Pillsbury 1899

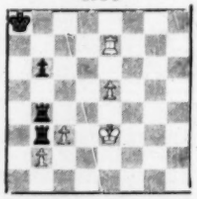


The 4-pointer for beginners is a position very neatly won by White. (It occurred in a performance where Pillsbury played 12 games of chess and 4 games of draughts blindfold, while taking part in a game of whist). **B** and **C** are both draws, and no bargains at 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

**B:** Bondarenko
Kakovin 1954



**C:** A. Belenki
1954



Usual prizes. Entries by January 16.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

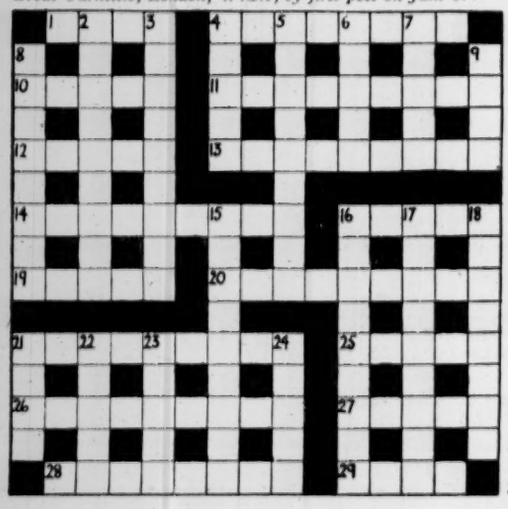
No. 324. Set December 17

A: (1) Q x Kt, RP x Q. (2) Kt x KtP, etc.
If (1) .. BP x Q. (2) B x P ch, etc.
B: (1) R-R4 ch, K-Kt1. (2) R x Kt ch, K x R. (3) Q-R1 ch, K-Kt1. (4) Q x R, Q x Q. (5) P-Q4 ! Q-Q1. (6) B-K1, Q-R1. (7) B-B2, etc.
C: (1) Kt-K7 ch, K-R2. (2) P-Kt6 ch, K-R1. (3) K-Kt4, P-K7. (4) K-B5, P=Q. (5) K-Q6, etc.
If (1) .. K-B2. (2) Kt-B6 ! P-K7. (3) Kt-K5 ch, etc.
If (1) .. K-R4. (2) Kt-B5, P-K7. (3) Kt-Kt3 ch, etc.
If (1) .. K x P. (2) Kt-B6, P-K7. (3) Kt-Q4(Kt4), etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. G. Hilton, C. J. Morse, M. Rumney. ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword No. 186

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 186, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 17.*



ACROSS

1. Remorse is the end of faithfulness (4).
4. Writer the reverse of plump and delicate (8).
10. Alias Aliena (5).
11. The martial type has conquered before half a European is about to prepare for war (9).
12. The vulgar editor made an animal noise (5).
13. Having fresh vitality, potentially entrances (9).
14. Sending a message about the fading (9).
16. Measure of restraint? (5).
19. Arrays like a king in Shaw (5).
20. Dwindle away and pretend to be a ribbon (9).
21. The writer did wrong backing this character (9).
25. "A Being, —— upon two legs" (Dickens) (5).
26. Denounce a piece of plagiarism in literature (9).
27. See this is boiling (5).
28. More than one parish gives all indiscriminately (8).
29. The part of a county for a literary aircraftsman (4).

DOWN

2. Lake destroying walls in a deviation from true (9).
3. It is enough to make a man talk to his hat (9).
4. Bridge for a tug? (5).
5. Period torn in pieces in a battle (9).
6. If caught, these birds would become gaol-birds (5).
7. Fire and decapitate one (5).
8. A theatre comic is a rogue (8).
9. "Living we ——; dying we live" (Browning) (4).
15. Hanging over; one member is securing the abolition (9).
16. Civil defence in U.S. headquarters for a craftsman (9).
17. Capers in the Fifty-one Society act muddle (9).
18. Labels of ownership for magnates incognito (8).
21. Fails in a test for marks of rank (4).
22. Girl who makes me complain if upset (5).
23. Be more than ninety in the shade going up (5).
24. Checks the families (5).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 184*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C | A | P | U | C | H | I | N | | A | M | U | S | E | D |
| O | | I | | A | | N | | | I | | U | | I | |
| C | A | L | A | M | I | T | Y | | P | L | A | N | E | S |
| K | | O | | E | | E | | | K | | D | | S | |
| L | I | T | T | L | E | R | | J | A | S | M | I | N | E |
| E | | S | | O | | L | | U | | O | | A | | V |
| | | | T | H | E | R | M | O | P | Y | L | A | E | |
| A | | A | | | | A | | B | | | S | | R | |
| M | A | C | H | I | A | V | E | L | L | I | | | | |
| I | | H | | M | | E | | E | | L | | I | | G |
| C | L | I | P | P | E | D | | S | O | L | O | M | O | N |
| A | | L | | R | | | | A | | E | | P | | O |
| B | A | L | L | O | T | | F | L | A | G | D | A | Y | S |
| L | | E | | Y | | | | E | | A | | C | | I |
| E | A | S | T | E | R | | I | S | O | L | A | T | E | S |

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 184

*Mrs. M. Lindsay (Nicosia), D. A. Ginger (Bourne End), Mrs. E. Savory (Hampton Hill).*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £600 to £1,150 according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on October 1, 1956. Superannuation under the F.S.S.U. or otherwise can be arranged. Ten copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including ten copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than February 11, 1956. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to international relations since 1939). This is a new post intended to introduce teaching on the political and administrative aspects of international relations at the present day. Salary scales: Lecturer £650-£1,350 per annum, initial salary according to qualifications and experience: Assistant Lecturer £550-£650 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 16, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE Shaw Classifying School for Girls (Home Office Approved School), Appleton, Cheshire. Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress, from candidates with qualifications in teaching, social science or psychology, and experience with adolescent girls. The School admits girls between the ages of 14 and 17, committed for approved school training (as delinquents or in need of care or protection, etc.) by courts in the northern half of England and Wales. The girl remains at the Shaw for a period of 7-10 weeks during which her needs are assessed by means of observation and psychological testing. At the end of that period a comprehensive report is prepared and she is transferred to the school most able to satisfy those needs. There is accommodation for 40 girls. Resident staff includes a psychologist, nurse, teachers and instructors, and there is a visiting psychiatrist. Applicant must be capable of correlating the work of these specialists and of participating in the assessment herself. Salary scale £860×15 to £1,040 per annum with the addition of graduate and training allowances plus equal pay addition. Commencing point according to previous service. Full residential emoluments provided at a charge of £150 per annum. Post superannuable under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Completed forms of application must be submitted not later than January 16, 1956. Leslie Richardson, Correspondent, "Croham Hurst," Greenway, Appleton, Warrington.

REQUIRED: Organiser for Citizens' Advice Bureau in East London. Experience necessary. Social Science Diploma an advantage but not essential. Salary according to exp. Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4 Cumberland Rd., E.13.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Training provided. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Children's allowance. Further details from the Sec., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. initially at Hayes and Harlington Child Guidance Centre, which is shortly to be established. Experience desirable. Should hold M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent. P.T.A. salary. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from District Education Officer, Manor House, Church Rd., Hayes, Middx., returnable by January 20 (quote S.41, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Mistresses. Applications for permanent appointment to the Council's service invited from women recognised as qualified teachers by Ministry of Education and in one of the following categories: (i) women from outside England and Wales who have not yet taught in these countries; (ii) married women who have returned to service since March 31, 1948, after a break from teaching. Apply at once on Form EO/TS9/40B obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS9), County Hall, S.E.1. (S.a.e. f'scap). (2155)

YOUTH Club Leader, experienced, required for full time post in Kensington. Mixed youth club with children's clubs. Salary £400-£450 with pension scheme. Apply with details of qualifications to Box 1882.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Receptionist reqd. by Child Specialist. Car driving exp. asset & prepared travel. Interesting work. Box 1992.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers (C. of E.), increase in establishment for 2 women. Social Science Diploma or Home Office Cert. Child care; current driving licence essential; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. £500-£580 p.a. plus London Weighting, Superannuation. Supervision of boarded-out children aged 0-15 and After-Care girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by January 16, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names of two referees, to Sec., Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1. (Re. advertisement.)

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for a senior permanent position on appeals staff of influential and expanding Jewish organisation; candidates should possess initiative, sound organising ability, experience at addressing meetings, flair for publicity and have a good knowledge of communal and Israeli affairs. Write, in confidence, to Executive Director, Technion House, 83 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Research Assistant in the International Department to specialise on defence problems. General knowledge of world affairs, the Labour Movement and drafting ability essential. Knowledge or experience of Service problems, Supply, National Service and Civil Defence desirable. Salary £600-£750. Applicants exclusively with defence experience will also be considered for part-time appointment. Applications, with a curriculum vitae and specimens of written work should be sent to Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, not later than January 23, 1956.

ORGANISING Secretary required (male) by Jewish charitable organisation connected with Israel. Highest refs. essential. Good salary and prospects for man of integrity and exp. Apply in confidence Box 2055.

PERSONAL assistant required by Managing Director for temporary period of three months only. University education, high intelligence required. Box 1624.

MILFORD Chest Hospital, Godalming, Surrey. Student Nurses (male and female) required for two year's training for the State Preliminary Examination and Certificate of the British Tuberculosis Association. Training grant £245 first year and £255 second year, less £113 for full board residence. Uniform provided. Bonus of £60 payable at the expiration of two years' B.T.A. training. Hospital transport connects with rail and 'bus services. Apply: The Matron.

THE National Council of Social Service has part-time vacancy in Youth Department; drafting and editing reports and short articles; shorthand essential; interest in citizenship education. School holidays free if desired. £220-£250 p.a. Applications to: The Secretary, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

DENTAL Clinic, staff 150, reqs. lay supervisor for clerical & reception sections. Previous exp. in dental field not necessary. Commence £400 rising to £600 p.a. by 3 annual increments. Letters only, in the first instance, to 35 Abbotswood Rd., S.W.16.

TELEPRINTER Operator required by City Company. Knowledge of foreign languages, particularly German. Box 2117.

SHORTHAND-typist (female), pref. resident in North London. Knowl. office routine and book-keeping. Apply in writing, Jewish Post, 257, Seven Sisters Rd., N.4.

ASSISTANT, female, under 30, wanted in busy information section of Public Relations consultancy. Ability to type important. Applicants should have a good education & be interested in Current Affairs. Box 2099.

ASSISTANT for Peter Jones Secretarial Bureau. Applications to Manager, 39 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3.

MEDICAL Research Council: a vacancy exists for senior medical records secretary. Responsible post, good shorthand-typing necessary, salary according to age & qualifications. Apply in writing to the Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2, requires a Medical Secretary (shorthand-typist, preferably with some knowledge of medical terms) and an Almoner's Clerk/Shorthand Typist, for interesting work connected with social and hospital services. Starting salary from £285 p.a. (age 21) to £320 p.a. according to age and experience, on scale rising to £420 p.a. in each case. Apply in writing to Secretary.

REFERENCE book publishers require (1) shorthand-typist, (2) editorial typist; 5-day week, 9.30-5.30. Europa Publications, Ltd., 56 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

ENGLISH/German shorthand-typist experienced in shipping procedure required; willingness and ability to learn of primary importance. Box 1942.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat has some unusually interesting Secretarial posts for educated young women. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2., and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Producer (British) for "London Calling Asia," the daily English programme broadcast to Asian audiences in South and South-East Asia and Far East. Duties include formulation of ideas for and production of talks features, discussions, audience participation programmes (Asian Club). Essential qualifications: lively mind, interest in contemporary Asian affairs, some experience of production for broadcasting or of writing or journalism. First-hand knowledge of some part of the area an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1472 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant to Industrial Correspondent in News Talks Department of News Division (Sound and Television). Qualifications: proved journalistic ability with aptitude for concise, balanced and rapid news coverage of events in field of industry and labour relations for use in news bulletins and for broadcasting reports in Sound and Television. Salary £1,220 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference 1467 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Clerk (male, age 20-30) required for Accounts Dept. Salary range £350-20-595; commencing salary according to experience and qualifications. Membership of superannuation scheme on appointment to permanent staff; also payment of family allowance if eligible. Applications, in duplicate, should be sent to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1, not later to January 14.

VACANCY for trainee in small but expanding Vegetarian Food Reform Restaurant, London, managed by Domestic Science Montessori Diplomée. Excellent opportunity gain necessary knowledge and experience for valuable openings in this growing field of work. Interesting prospects here for right person. Appropriate salary. Box 2025.

RESIDENT couple (no children) for recently opened home for aged Jewish people (18 residents). Wife cook and general duties. Husband caretaker and handyman. Other adequate help. Ideal conditions. Joint salary £9 weekly. Apply Matron, Tudor Lodge, St. Agnes Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13. Telephone Sou. 1503.

PERSONAL S/T Secretary wanted by Sec. to small voluntary body engaged in intg. medico-social work. £8 p.w. Write B.C.R., Tavistock House (South), W.C.1. EUS. 4037.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required in Trade Union office. Apply, stating age and experience, to Box 1828.

EXPERIENCED German/English secretary shorthand typist capable of working on own initiative. Gd. prospects. Box 2057.

S/TYPIST required by City Company. Good salary. Please reply Box 2116.

B. H. BLACKWELL, Ltd., have a vacancy with excellent prospects for right man, in their Antiquarian Department. Write stating age and exp. 50-51 Broad St., Oxford.

IRVING Theatre reqs. lady for office, part- or full-time. WHI. 8657 after 3.

PART-time shorthand-typist wanted by Publisher for about one afternoon's dictation during week (area N.W.1), using own machine at home. Box 2164.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St., N.W.1 (Nr. Stn.). Come to us for best perm./temp. office posts. WEL. 8774.

SECRETARY for beginning February in Anglo-South American Company in E.C.3, £10 p.w. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. WELbeck 4559.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GHOST (middle-aged) seeks commissions full/pt.-time job, publishers etc., editing, rewriting, research, production. Box 2094.

ENGL./Ger. sec., fluent transl., Engl. & Ger. s/h., exp. publg., engineering, politics, chem., sks. resp. post. Box 1849.

LADY, fluent German, med. background, seeks work evenings. Box 1996.

ITALIAN, bilingual, experienced translator, resident ½ year England, seeks interesting work spring/summer. Free translate book or articles shortly. Interests literary, history, pre-history. Highly recommended. Box 2039.

YOUNG wom., 23, B.A. Social Studies, sks. work concerned with soc. research. Reas. remun. All applics. answered. Box 2062.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

FOR Sale: Second-hand books: music, Book Club, travel, chess. Lists: 46, Tankerton Rd., Surbiton, Surrey.

DEVELOPMENTS in India and the Middle East are discussed by R. Palme Dutt in the January "Labour Monthly." Also: "The Trade that Butler Stops" (John Eaton), etc. Order now 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. post free sub. from NS.134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"WORLD Socialist." A New Journal. In Jan. issue: G. D. H. Cole on Democracy in Industry. Yr. 6s., ½-yr. 3s., from Morais, 80c Chiltern St., London, W.1.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand posted. Write for lists, Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat R. & H. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

PARLEY 7th. Internat. langs. mimeo'd. 5d. Abroad 10d. 11 North Av., Worthing.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA Britannica. 1951 ed. 25 vols. as new. What offers? Box 2040.

## MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED "London Mercury"; Vapour Sun-Lamp. Box 2048.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

DUCHESS. TEM. 8243. 7.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30 Tom Arnold pres. J. B. Priestley's comedy "Mr. Kettle & Mrs. Moon." "Rollicking comedy"—Evg. Stand.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Daily 2.30 & 7.30. "Listen to the Wind." Mems. 10s. yearly.

UNITY: Jean Paul Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Members only. EUS. 5391.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 15: Suckadorff's "The Great Adventure" (U). "Crin Blanc" (U).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY. 2345. Jan. 8, Nigel Patrick, Pickwick Papers U.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 7, "Rashomon" (X). Dir.: Akira Kurosawa. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

I.C.A., Sunday, January 15, 2.30, at the Academy Cinema, 165 Oxford St., W.1. Film Show, "Picasso and Modern Art." Members 2s. 6d., 4s., guests 3s. 6d., 5s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Saturday and Sunday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Secretary or please call at the Club.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., January 7, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s., guests 5s. Membship. inv.

MR. Gaitskell will be attending the London Labour Party's Reunion and Dance at the Seymour Hall, St. Marylebone, on Mon., Jan. 16, 1956. Tickets 4s. on sale at door or from 258 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1.

## CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Jan. 18 at 5.45, The Art of Fugue. J. S. Bach (cond. vers. for woodwind, strings & harpsichord by Leonard Isaacs), London Harpsichord Ensemble. 5s and 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

FOUR Concerts of German music. 1st Concert Tues., Jan. 10, at 7.30, Wigmore Hall (& Feb. 21, Mar. 20, Apr. 24), New Edinburgh Quartet. Works by Beethoven, Blacher, Hartmann. (Mgt. Lies Askonas). Subs. tkts. 7s. 6d., 15s., 21s., Sing., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. WEL. 2141 & agents. Pres. by Anglo-German Assn. Reduction for mems.

PRACTICAL Piano Technique. Three Lecture-Demonstrations by James Ching. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sats., Jan. 21, Feb. 4 and 18, at 2.30. No tickets. Silver coll. Mus. Ben. Fund. Detailed Syllabus from James Ching, M.A., B.Mus. Oxon., 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3. HAM. 8256.

I.C.A. Concert at Arts Council of Great Britain, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1 on Mon., Jan. 9, at 7.30. New Music Manchester Group. Works by Anton Webern, Nikos Skalkottas, Elisabeth Lutyens, P. Maxwell Davies, Richard Hall, Alexander Goehr, Elmer Feidel. Tickets 2s. 6d. Non-members 5s. Available at door. Membership invited.

## EXHIBITIONS

TIEPOLO, Giambattista & Giandomenico. An Exhibition of Drawings & Etchings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till January 20. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy, 1955. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Last day January 12. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

TATE Gallery. Modern Art in the United States. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free. Closes Feb. 12.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Sculpture by Harpley, Sherrard, Zydower. Gouaches by Bruce Lacey. Drawings by Peter Snow. Open Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Thurs. to 7.30, Sat. 10-1. Jan. 3-28.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Magda Cordell. Priv. View Tues. Jan. 10, 4 p.m. Until Feb. 3.

ASPECTS of Contemporary English Painting. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Until Jan. 27. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.

INTERNATIONAL Exhibition of Books on History, from many countries. Until Jan. 28 at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 48 Museum St., London, W.C.1. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Frank Auerbach.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. La Jeune Peinture de Paris—opening 11th. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. January 1-February 29. The New Vision Group. (1st Section.)

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Pntgs. Peter Coker. 10-6 p.m.

LEICESTER Gall., Leic. Sq. New Year Exhib. An annual event. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Ten Years of English Landscape Painting (1945-55) 10.30-6. Sats. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1956. Thurs. and Mon., Jan. 19, 23, 26, 30, Feb. 2, 6, 9, 13, at 5.00, Professor Richard W. Van Alstyne, "The Rising American Empire." Tues. and Thurs., Feb. 14, 16, at 5.30, Professor Roderick M. Chisholm, "The Ethics of Belief." Mon., Feb. 27, at 5.30, The Chambers Memorial Lecture by Professor A. G. Mitchell, "Lady Meed and the Art of 'Piers Plowman.'" Thurs., Mar. 8, at 5.30, The Seton Memorial Lecture by Professor W. Croft Dickinson, "The Scottish Parliament and the Trial of Treason." Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. January. Tues., 10, 8.15. Discussion with illustrations on "Kitchen Interiors." Speakers: Fello Atkinson, P. G. H. Chamberlin, Elizabeth David, Jane Drew. Chair: Misha Black. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Thurs. 12, 8.15, 3rd in series on "Mass Communications" entitled "The Audience as Consumer: Independent Television and Audience Research." Speakers: Dr. H. W. Durant, Dr. Hilde Himmelweit, George Plante and Bernard Sendall. Chair: Lawrence Alloway. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

MRS. Mary Stocks, B.Sc. (B.B.C. "Any Questions"): "Jews and Arabs in the Middle East," Jan. 8, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m.: Adm. 1s. 6d.

J. B. COATES: "The Debasement of the Arts." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11, nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn. Sun., Jan. 8 at 7.15.

CHESS: Grandmasters Keres, Korchnoi, Ragozin, Taimanov. 20 boards each simultaneous display. Start 2.30 p.m., Sun., Jan. 8, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Squ., W.1 (Warren St.). Board fee 5s. Spectators 2s. (juniors 1s.). Boards reservable by 'phone to S.C.R., WEStern 1571.

WORKERS' League. Mallam Aminu Kano, Pres. N.E.P.U., speaks on "Whither Nigeria," 32 Percy St. (off Tottenham Ct. Rd.), 7.30, Sun., Jan. 8. All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Jan. 11, 6.30, Public Lecture, "Right Action": Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. Information EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

ANGLO-German Association: Professor J. N. Findlay, Professor of Philosophy, King's College, London, on "Hegel," third in a series on German philosophers. Thursday, January 12, Caxton Hall, 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, January 8, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., J. Hutton Hind, "'Technical West' meets 'Spiritual East.'"

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, at 6, Jan. 14. Mr. J. Wise, B.Sc., F.R.G.S. "Food & People."

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Jan. 13, 8.30. Mr. Richard Wooton. "Benjamin Franklin." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

CHINESE Journey. Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., and Mrs. Pritt relate their experiences and invite questions. Chairman: Dr. Horace Joules. Wednesday, January 11th, 7.30, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tickets obtainable B.C.F.A., 228 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. 1s. and 2s. 6d. reserved.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tues., Jan. 10, at 7.15. T. E. M. McKetterick, "Coal, Oil and Diplomacy." Adm. free. Collection.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. Spec. gen. mtg. 7.30. Wed., Jan. 11, Coll. of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Mems. only.

SCIENTOLOGY, probably the only practical hope for the sanity of mankind. George Wichelow, D.Scn., will speak about this science of the mind, Tues., Jan. 17, 7.45. Contact Secretary, Woodford Scientology Group, 13 Wavertree Rd., E.18. SNA. 2652.

HERALDRY: lect. by Theodora Harrison; Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells). Tues., Jan. 10, 8 p.m. (Organised by Finsbury Art Group.) Non-members 1s.

BRITISH Phrenological Soc. Inc. Free publ. lect. 3 lady spkrs. 2.30 Sat. Jan. 14, Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C.4.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

AT Pendley: Jan. 21 and 22, "Approach to Opera," for opera lovers and newcomers to the subject. Course Tutor: Dr. Grüner, City Literary Institute. Operas to be analysed and discussed: "Magic Flute," "Fidelio," "Tannhäuser." Fee: £1 15s. Full details of this and all 1956 courses from The Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

ACCENTS improved & the Queen's English taught by speedy methods. Box 1721.

## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "Strategy for the West" will be given by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, at 5.30 p.m., on Jan. 17 and 19, at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free without tkt.

"LITERATURE To-day." An 11-week Course on the works of modern novelists, poets and playwrights by Sheila H. Knapton, M.A., Synopsis on application. Wednesdays 6.30 p.m. from January 11, 1956. Fee for course 6s. Apply Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Pl., W.C.1. EUS. 1816.

"TOWARDS a New Formulation of Religion." Progressive League–Weekend Conference, February 17-19, at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr. Chichester. Chairman: L. A. G. Strong. Speakers: Dr. Julian Huxley, Dr. R. J. Z. Werblowsky, P. W. Martin, Lawrence Hyde. Full programme on application. Fees: members £2 19s. 6d., non-members £3 7s. 6d. Apply Mrs. J. Armstrong, 121 Honor Oak Park, S.E.23.

AN OPPORTUNITY to understand economic policies. Courses in economics covering production, distribution and exchange are available free at the Henry George School of Social Science. Write for prospectus and particulars of 10-week courses (evenings) commencing in Westminster, Greater London and in other towns. Next term begins Jan. 16th. Address: 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1. Telephone: ABBey 6665.

CITY of Coventry Training College. Supplementary One-Year Course in Mathematics, commencing September 1956. Students completing two years' training in July, and qualified teachers, are invited to apply for this course, which will enable students to develop their knowledge of Mathematics and qualify as specialist teachers to pupils of varying ability in secondary schools. Application forms and further details obtainable from Principal, Training College, Canley, Coventry.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute offers a one-year full-time course to experienced serving teachers in primary schools. The next course will begin in September, 1956. Teachers who are accepted are eligible for secondment on full salary. Teachers who are interested should apply to Miss Mary Atkinson, M.A., Institute of Education, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1.

UNIVERSITE de Paris. Semaines D'Etudes Françaises. Edinburgh: April 2-8. Oxford: April 9-15. Organised by the Sorbonne Cours de Civilisation française, they include advanced Tutorials, Phonetics and Translations into French. 3 Standards: VIth Form, Undergraduates, Post-Graduates and Teachers, separate groups. Lectures by distinguished Speakers. Also French cultural Evenings. Fees: Registration £1, Tuition £3, Residence (optional) £6 15s. U.K. Secretary: 45, Sunningdale Rd., Hessle, Yorks. Also Courses in Paris, all Standard: Oct.-June & Summer.

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## SUMMER SCHOOLS

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2 yng. male students seek small central furn. flat. Reas. rent. Box 2018.

STUDENT (quiet Indian grad.) sks. rm. with meals. Use bath. Reas. Box 2066.

COULD anyone offer unfurn./semi-furn. room or flatlet, near buses, for middle-aged woman teacher, would help with children occasionally. SHE. 5658.

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YOUNG lady sks. pleasant bed sitt. & k'ette. Central. Max. 2½*gns*. Box 2038.

UNIV. cpl. want furn. house/flat/rooms London (prefer central) April 9 to July 20 or part. Max. rent 10*gns*. Box 1952.

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## PROPERTY FOR SALE

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## PERSONAL

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